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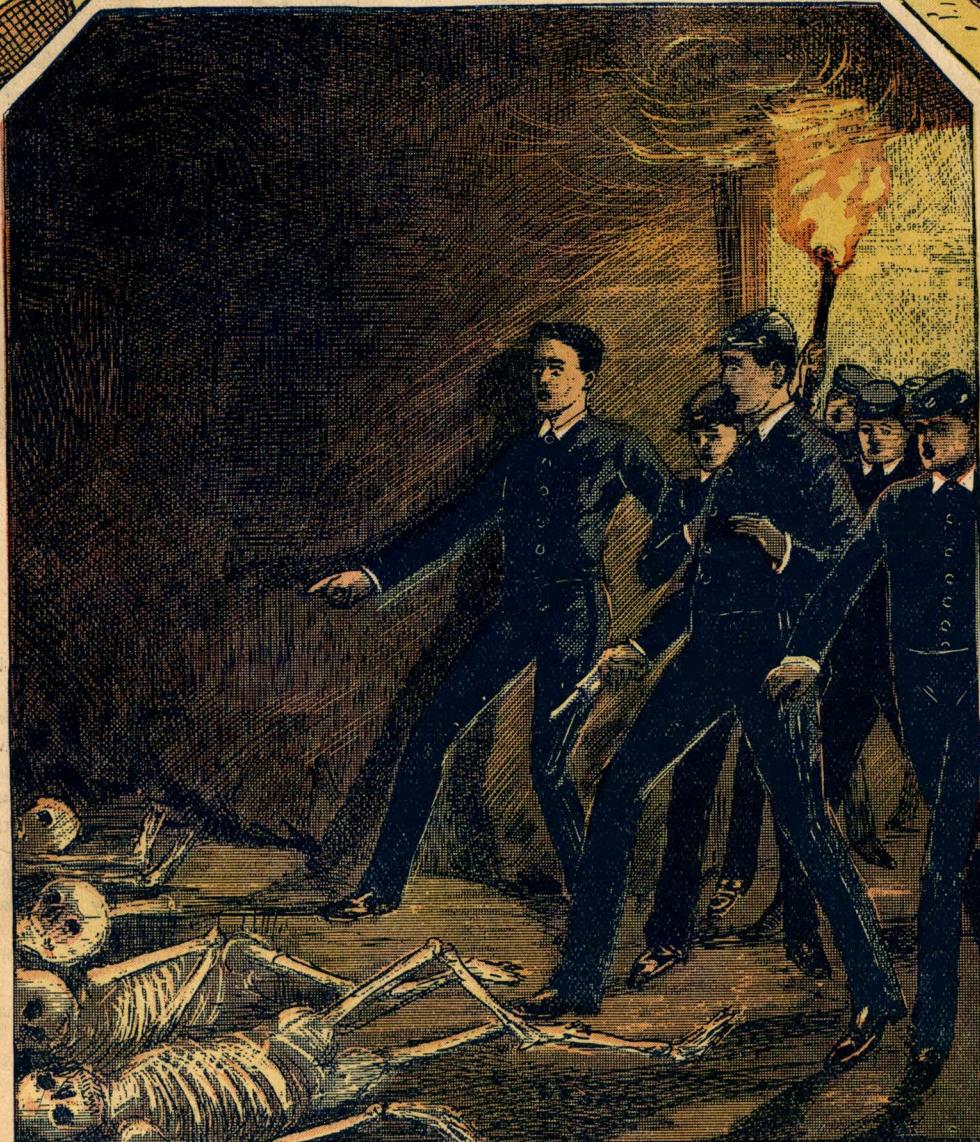
READ THE SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS  
THIS WEEK. EDITORIAL CHAT, ATH-  
LETIC SPORTS, AMATEUR JOURNALISM  
AND STAMPS.

5 CENTS

# ARMY AND NAVY

A Weekly Publication for Our Boys

ROMANCE SPORTS ADVENTURE



MARK'S TREMBLING HAND WAS POINTING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE SKELETONS.

(From "Mark Mallory's Strange Find," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.) Complete in this number.

STREET & SMITH

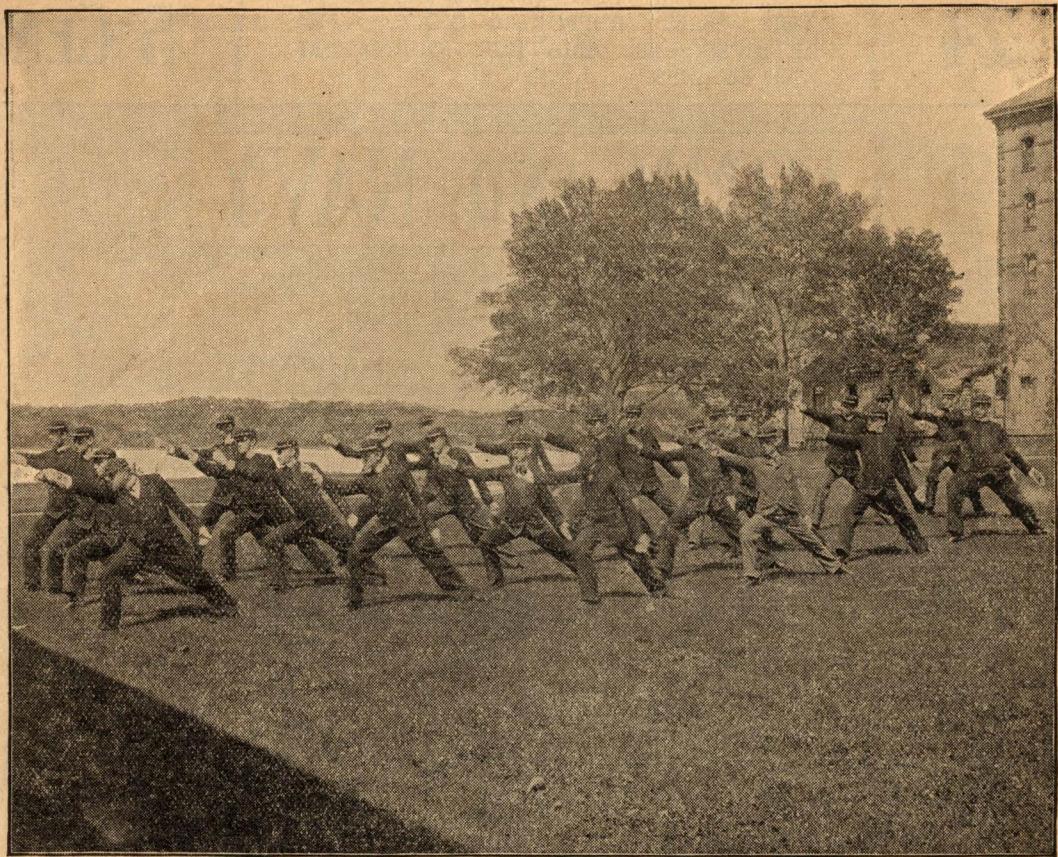
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NOVEMBER 27, 1897

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## THE "PLEBES'" FIRST DRILL.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

THERE are two opportunities for examination each year presented to the candidate for entrance into the Academy, one in May and the other in September.

Those who enter in May are taken on the summer cruise along with the members of the first and third classes, and when the cruise is finished the "plebes" are quartered on the Santee until the new academic year begins, by which time their number has been increased by those entering in September.

When a candidate is informed by the superintendent that he has passed both mental and physical examinations, he is given an order on the Academy storekeeper for his uniforms and all the necessary outfit for his room in quarters and for the cruise.

He at once secures a cap and all of the furnishings that are already on hand, and then is measured for his uniforms.

While waiting for the latter he wears his civilian's clothes, with coat tightly buttoned, and is easily recognized as he passes through the grounds, by reason of the mixture of uniform.

All new fourth classmen are quartered on the Santee till October, and they are under the control of the Officer-of-the-Day until the cruise begins.

While the other cadets are at recitations or at drill, the "plebes" are marched to the armory or the gymnasium where they receive their first drill as naval cadets.

They are drilled, *not* by some cadet petty officer or corporal, as at West Point, but by the Sword-master of the Academy, or by some of his assistants.

They are taught to form company, to march, to take proper interval for gymnastics and setting-up exercises, and are compelled to go through with all of these exercises every day so as to acquire as quickly as possible that manly bearing and easy carriage which are characteristics of the naval cadet.

They are also taught the manual of arms and the practical use of fire-arms, so that by the beginning of the new academic year they are competent to take their assigned places in the cadet battalion of infantry and artillery.

Most of the new cadets, having come from distant homes with determination and ambition to excel, become ready pupils at these exercises, and, although some are very green and awkward at first, all gradually approach that condition which strict discipline and systematic training must produce.

# ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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Editor, - - - ARTHUR SEWALL.

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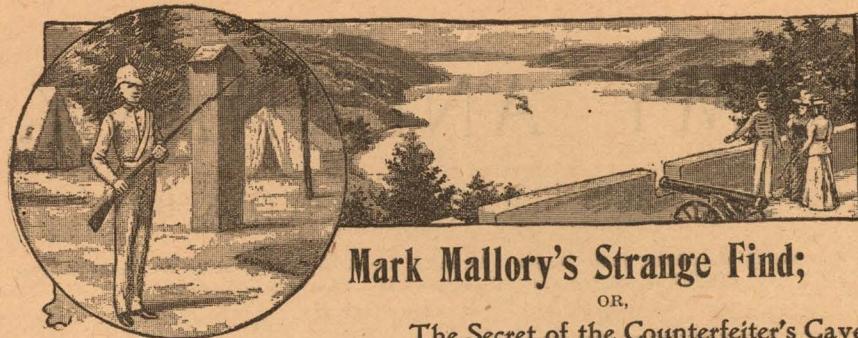
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## PRIZE CONTEST.

### POCKET MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE publishers of the ARMY AND NAVY are desirous of obtaining the opinions of their readers on the military and naval cadet stories now running, and for that purpose offer the following prizes for the best letters on the subject. TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS divided into FIVE PRIZES of FIVE DOLLARS EACH will be given for the five most sensible opinions as to which is the best written, and most interesting story of the ten to be published in Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 of the ARMY AND NAVY. Letters should not exceed two hundred words in length. The contest will close December 1st, 1897. Address all letters to "CRITICISM CONTEST," ARMY AND NAVY, STREET & SMITH, 238 William Street, New York.



## Mark Mallory's Strange Find;

OR,

The Secret of the Counterfeiter's Cave.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A LETTER FROM "WICKS" MERRITT.

"Hey there, you fellows, I've got a letter to read to you."

He was a tall handsome lad, with a frank, pleasant face and a wealth of curly brown hair. He wore a close-fitting gray jacket and trousers. The uniform of a West Point "plebe," as the new cadet is termed. He was standing in front of one of the tents in the summer camp of the corps, and speaking to half a dozen of his classmates.

The six looked up with interest when they heard what he said.

"Come in, Mark," called one of them. "Come in here and read it."

"This is addressed to me," began Mark, obeying the request and sitting down. "But it's really meant for the whole seven of us, the Seven Devils. And its interesting as showing what the old cadets think of the tricks we bold plebes have been playing on them."

"Who's it from?"

"It's from Wicks Merritt, the second classman I met here last year. He's home on furlough for the summer, but some of the other cadets have written and told him about us and what we've been doing. And this is what he says about it. Listen."

"Dear Mark:—Whenever I sit down to write to you it seems to me I can think of nothing to say, but to marvel at the extraordinary rumpus you have kicked up at West Point. Every time I hear from there you are doing still more incredibly impossible acts, until I expect to hear next that you have been made

superintendent or something. However, in this letter I really have something else to tell you about, but I shall put it off to the last and keep you in suspense.

"Well, I hear that not satisfied with defying the yearlings to haze you and actually keeping them from doing it, which is something no plebe has ever dared to dream of before, you have gone on to still further recklessness. They say that you have gotten half a dozen other plebes to back you up and that to cap the climax you actually dared to go to one of the hops. Well, I do not know what to say to that; it simply takes my breath away. I should liked to have been there to see him doing it. They say that Grace Fuller, the girl you saved from drowning, got all the girls to promise to dance with you, and that the end of the whole business was the yearlings stopped the music and the hop and left in disgust. I fairly gasp when I picture that scene.

"I hesitate to give an original person like you advice. You never heeded what I gave you anyway, but went right ahead in your own contrariness to do what you pleased. I guess you were right. But I want to warn you a little. By your unheard of daring in going to that hop you have incurred the enmity of not only the yearlings, whom you have beaten at every turn, but also of the powerful first class as well. And they will never stop until they subdue you. I don't know what they'll try, but it will be something desperate and you must stand the consequences. You'll probably have to take turns fighting every man in the class. When I come back I expect to find you buried six feet deep in court plaster."

Mark looked up from the letter for a moment, and smiled.

"I wish the dear old chump could see me now," he said.

Wicks' prediction seemed nearly fulfilled. Mark's face was bruised and bandaged; one shoulder was still immovable from a dislocation, and when he moved any other part of himself he did it with a cautious slowness that told of sundry aching joints.

"Yes," growled one of the six listeners, a lad from Texas, with a curious cowboy dialect. "Yes, doggone it! But I reckon Wicks Merritt didn't have any idea them durnation ole cadets 'd pile on to lick you all together. I tell you what, it gits me riled. Jes' because you had the nerve to defy 'em and fight the feller that ordered you off that air hop floor, doggone 'em, they all had to pitch in and beat you."

"Never mind," laughed Mark, cheerfully. "They were welcome. I knocked out my man, which was what I went out for. And besides, we managed to outwit them in the end, leaving them deserted and scared to death on the opposite shore of the Hudson. You've heard of clouds with silver linings. I'm off duty and can play the gentleman all day and not have to turn out and drill like you unfortunate plebes. And moreover, nobody offers to haze me any more while I'm a cripple."

"It'd be jes' like 'em to," growled Texas.

"That's got nothing to do with the letter," responded Mark. "There is some news in here that'll interest you fellows, if Texas would only stop growling at the cadets long enough to give me a chance. Too much fighting is spoiling your gentle disposition, Texas."

"Ya-as," grinned the Southerner. "You jes' go on."

"I will," continued Mark. "Listen." "I got a letter from Fischer yesterday. Fischer is captain of your company, I think. He tells me that that rascally Benny Bartlett, the fellow from your town who tried to cheat you out of your appointment, but whom you beat at the examinations, turned up a short while ago with a brand new plot to get you into trouble. It reads like a fairy story, what Fischer told me. He had a printer's boy

hired to accuse you of bribing him to steal you the exam. papers. The superintendent believed him and you were almost fired.

"Fischer says he went out at night with that wild chum of yours, Texas, who's made himself almost as famous as you, by riding out onto the cavalry plain and holding up the artillery squadron —"

Texas was grinning volubly at that portion of the letter —

"The two of them held up the printer's boy and robbed him of some papers that showed his guilt. Well, Mr. Mallory, I certainly congratulate you on your luck. You owe a debt of gratitude to Fischer, who ought to be your enemy really, since he was one of the hop managers you riled so.

"And now for the news I have. I write to tell you—and I know it will surprise you—that you are not yet through with that troublesome Master Bartlett."

"Durnation!" echoed Texas, springing up in surprise! "Durnation! What does he know 'bout it?"

"Wait," laughed Mark, by way of answer. "Wait, and you'll see. Wicks is quite a detective."

"As you'll notice by the postmark of this letter I am in Washington, D. C. at present. And what do you think? I have met Benny Bartlett here!"

"I can hear you gasp when you read that. I knew him, but he didn't know me, so I made up my mind to have some fun with him. I picked up an acquaintance with him, and told him I was from West Point. Then he got intimate and confidential, said he knew a confounded fresh plebe up there, Mallory, they called him. Well, I said I'd heard of Mallory. And, Mark, I nearly had him wild."

"In the first place, you know, he hates you like poison. I can't tell you how much. This paper wouldn't hold all the names he called you. And oh, what lies he did tell about you! So I thought to tease him I'd take the other tack. I told him of all your heroism, how you'd saved the life of the daughter of a rich old judge up there, and were engaged to marry her some day. I threw that in for good measure, though they say it is a desperate case between you and her—

upon which I congratulate you, for she's a treasure."

"I wonder what he'd say," put in one of the six, "if he knew she'd joined the Seven Devils to help fool the yearlings."

"I told him," continued Mark, reading, "all about how you'd prevented hazing and were literally running the place. Then I showed him Fischer's letter to cap the climax. And Mark, the kid was crazy. He vowed he was coming up there to balk you if it was the last thing he ever did on earth."

"Durnation!" growled Texas. "I'd like to see him."

Mark laughed and went on. "He may succeed yet," he observed. "Listen."

"Benny Bartlett is now moving heaven and earth to get an appointment."

"What!"

"His father has a big pull with the President, and is using it with a vengeance. He pleads that his son did magnificently at the Congressman's exams, and only failed at the others because he was ill. And so Benny expects to turn up to annoy you as one of the plebes who come in when camp breaks up on the 28th of August.

"Having warned you of this disagreeable possibility nothing now remains for me to do but wish you the best possible luck in your quarrel with the first class, and so sign myself,

"Sincerely yours,  
"Wick's Merritt."

The Seven stared at each other as Mark folded up the letter.

"Fellows," said he, "we've got just one month to wait, just one month. Then that contemptible fellow will be here to bother us. But in the meantime I say we forget about him. He's unpleasant to think about. Let's not mention him again until we see him."

And the Parson echoed "Yea, by Zeus."

The Parson was just the same old part son he was the day he first struck West Point. Frequent hazings had not robbed him of his quiet and classic dignity; and still more frequent battles with "the enemy" had not made him a whit less learned and studious. He was from Boston, was Parson Stanard, and he was proud of it. Also he was a geologist of

erudition most astoundingly deep. He had a bag of most wonderful fossils hidden away in his tent, fossils with names as long as the Parson's venerable and bony legs in their pale green socks.

The Parson was member No. 3 in our Seven Devils, of which Mark was the leader. No. 4 was "Indian," the fat and gullible and much hazed Joe Smith of Indianapolis. After him came the merry and handsome Dewey, otherwise known as "B'gee!" the prize story teller of the crowd. Chauncey, surnamed "the dude," and Sleepy, "the farmer," made up the rest of that bold and valiant band which was notorious for its "B. J.-ness." (B. J. means fresh).

Master Benjamin Bartlett having been laid on the shelf for the space of one month (as he will be in these stories likewise), the seven cast about them for a new subject of conversation to while away the half hour of "recreation" allotted to them between the morning's drill and dinner.

"I want to know," suggested Dewey, "what shall we do this afternoon, b'gee?"

That afternoon was Saturday ("the first Saturday we've had for a week," as Dewey sagely informed them, whereat Indian cried out "Of course! Bless my soul! How could it be otherwise?") Saturday is a half holiday for the cadets.

"I don't know," said Mark. "I hardly think the yearlings 'll try any hazing today. They're waiting to see what the first class 'll do when I get well enough to fight them."

The Parson rose to his feet with dignity.

"It is my purpose," he said, with grave decision, "to undertake an excursion into the mountainous country in back of us, particularly to the portion known as the habitation of the Corous Americanus—"

"The habitation of the what?"

"Of the Corous Americanus. You have probably heard the mountain spoken of as 'Crow's Nest,' but I prefer the other more scientific and accurate name. Since there are in America numerous species of crows, some forty-seven in all, I believe."

The six sighed.

"It is my purpose," continued the parson, blinking solemnly as any wise old

owl, "to admire the beauties of the scenery, and also to conduct a little cursory geological investigation in order to—"

"Say," interrupted Texas.

"Well?" inquired the Parson.

"D'you mean you're a-goin' to take a walk?"

"Er—yes," said the Parson, "that is—"

"Let's all go," interrupted Texas. "I'd like to see some o' that there geologizin' o' yourn."

"I shall be delighted to extend you an invitation," said the other, cordially.

And thus it happened that the Seven Devils took a walk back in the mountains that Saturday afternoon. That walk was the most momentous walk that those devils or any other devils ever had occasion to take.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PARSON'S "GEOLOGIZING" AND WHAT IT LED TO.

It was a strangely accoutred cavalcade that set out from Camp McPherson an hour or so later. The Parson as guide and temporary chief led the way, having his beloved Dana's Geology under his arm, and bearing in one hand an "astrology" hammer (as Texas termed it), in the other spacious bag in which he purposed to carry any interesting specimens he chanced to find. The Parson had brought with him to West Point his professional coat with huge pockets for that purpose, but being a cadet he was not allowed to wear it.

Chauncey and Indian brought up the rear. Chauncey was picking his way delicately along, fearful of spoiling a beautiful new shine he had just had put on. And Indian was in mortal terror lest some of the ghosts, bears, tramps or snakes which the yearlings had assured him filled the woods, should spring out upon his fat, perspiring little self.

The government property at West Point extends for some four miles up the Hudson and back quite a ways into the wild mountains to the rear. The government property is equivalent to "cadet limits," and so the woods are freely

roamed by the venturesome lads on holiday afternoons.

The Parson was never more thoroughly in his element than he was just then. He was a learned professor, escorting a group of patient and willing pupils. The information which he gave out in solid chunks that afternoon would have filled an encyclopaedia. A dozen times every hour he would stop and hold forth upon some newly observed object.

But it was when on geology that the Parson was at home. He might dabble in all sciences; in fact, he considered it the duty of a scholar to do so; but geology was his specialty, his own, his pet and paragon. And never did he wax so eloquent as when he was talking of geology. "That science which unravels the mysteries of ages, that reads in the rocks of the present the silent stories of the years that are dead."

"Behold yon towering precipice," he cried, "with its crevices torn by the winter's snows and rains! Gentlemen, I suppose you know that the substances which we call earth and sand are but the result of the ceaseless action of water, which tore it from the mountains and ground it into the ever-moving seas. It was water that carved the mountains from the masses of ancient rock, and water that cut the valleys that lead to the sea below. A wonderful thing is water to the geologist, a strange thing."

"It's a strange thing to a Texan, too," observed the incorrigible cowboy, making a sound like a popping cork.

"This cliff all covered with vegetation," continued the Parson, gazing up into the air, "has a story to tell also. See that scar running across its surface. In the glacial era, when this valley was a mass of grinding, sliding ice, some great stone caught in the mass plowed that furrow which you see. And perhaps hundreds of miles below here I might find the stone that would fit that mark. That has been done by many a patient scientist."

The six were staring at the cliff in open mouthed interest.

"In the post-tertiary periods," continued the lecturer, "this Hudson Valley was an inland sea. By that line of colored rock, denoting the top of the strata, I can

tell what was the level of that body of water. The storms of that period did great havoc among the rocks. This cliff may have been torn and burrowed; some I know of that had great caves and passage ways worn in them."

The six were still staring.

"We find many wonderful fossils in such rock. The seas then were inhabited by many gigantic animals, whose skeletons we find, completely buried in stone. I have the foot of a *Megatherium*, the foot being about as broad as my arm is long, found in some shistose quartz of this period. If you will excuse me for but a few moments I should like to examine the fragments at the bottom of the cliff and see—".

"I think I see a foot there!" cried Mark, excitedly.

"Where?" demanded the Parson, no less so, his eyes flashing with professional zeal.

"It's the foot of the cliff," responded Mark. "Do you see it?"

The Parson turned away with a grieved look and fell to chipping at the rock. The rest roared with laughter, for which the geologist saw no cause.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "allow me to remind you of a line from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*:

"And the loud laugh that shows the empty mind."

Whereupon Dewey muttered an excited "B'gee." Dewey had been so awed by his companion's learning that he hadn't told a story for an hour; but here the temptation was too great.

"B'gee!" he cried. "That reminds me of a story I once heard. There was a fellow had a girl by the name of Auburn. He wanted to write her a love poem, b'gee, and he didn't know how to begin. That poem—the *Deserted Village*—begins:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

"So, b'gee, this fellow thought that would do first rate for a starter.

He wrote to her:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain, an b'gee, she wouldn't speak to him for a month!"

Every one joined in the laugh that followed except the Parson; the Parson was

still busily chipping rocks with his "astrology" hammer.

"I find nothing," he remarked, hesitatingly. "But I see a most beautiful fern up in that cleft. It is a rhododendron of the species—I cannot see it very clearly."

"I'll get it," observed Texas gaily. "I want to hear the rest of that air name. Don't forget the first part—romeo—romeo what?"

While he was talking Texas had laid hold of the projecting cliff and with a mighty effort swung himself up on a ledge. Then he raised himself upon his toes and stretched out to get that "rhododendron."

The Parson, gazing up anxiously, saw him lay hold of the plant to pull it off. And then, to his surprise, he heard the Texan give vent to a surprised and excited "Durnation!"

"What's the matter?" cried the others.

Texas was too much interested to answer. They saw him seize hold of a bush that grew above him and raise himself up. Then he pushed aside the plants in front of him and stared curiously.

"What's the matter?" demanded the rest again.

And Texas gazed down at them excitedly.

"Durnation!" he roared. "Fellers, it's a cave!"

"A cave!" cried the others incredulously.

By way of answer Texas turned, faced the rock again, and shouted a mighty "Hello!"

And to the inexpressible consternation of the crowd an echo, loud and clear, responded:

"Hello!"

It was a cave.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MYSTERIES GALORE.

The excitement which resulted from Texas' amazing discovery may be imagined. If he had found a "*Megatherium*," feet and all, there could not have been more interest. Texas was dragged down by the legs, and then there was a wild scramble among the rest, the "in-

valid" excepted, to see who could get up there first and try the echo.

The entrance, it seemed, was a narrow hole in the rock, completely hidden by a growth of bushes and plants. And the echo! What an amazing echo it was to be sure! Not only did it answer clearly, but it repeated, and muttered again and again. It took parts of sentences and twisted them about and made the strangest possible combinations of sounds.

"It must be an enormous cave!" cried Mark.

"It has probably fissures to a great distance," observed the geologist.

"The freaks of water action are numerous."

"I wonder if there's room for a man to get in," Mark added.

"Ef there ain't," suggested Texas, "durnation, we kin force Indian through to make it bigger."

Indian shrank back in horror.

"Ooo!" he cried. "I wouldn't go near it for a fortune. Bless my soul, there may be bears or snakes."

This last suggestion made Dewey, who was then peeping in, drop down in a hurry.

"B'gee!" he gasped. "I hadn't thought of that. And who knows but what a live Megatherium preserved from the Tertiary periods may come roaring out?"

"I wish we had a light," said Mark. "Then we might look in and see. I wonder if we couldn't burn that book the Parson has?"

The Parson hugged his beloved Dana in alarm.

"Gentleman," he said, severely, "I would rather you burned me than this book."

"B'gee!" cried Dewey. "You're most as dry! But a fellow couldn't find a match for you, Parson, if he hunted from now till doomsday."

Parson Stanard turned away with the grieved look he always wore when people got "frivolous." But that mood did not last long; they were all too excited in their strange find to continue joking. They spent half an hour after that peering in cautiously and seeing nothing but blackness. Texas even had the nerve to stick one arm in, at which the rest cried

out in horror. Indian's direful hint of snakes or bears had had its effect.

It took no small amount of daring to fool about that mysterious black hole. Dewey, ever merry and teasing, was keeping them all on pins and needles by being ceaselessly reminded of grisly yarns. He told of a cave that was full of rattlesnakes, "assorted sizes, all genuine and no two alike, b'gee!" Of another that had been a robber's den with great red faced furious black villains in it, to say nothing of gleaming daggers. Of another with pitfalls with water in them and no bottom, "though why the water didn't leak out of where the bottom wasn't, b'gee, I'm not able to say."

It got to be very monotonous by and by, standing about in idleness and curiosity, peeping and wondering what was inside.

"I think it would be a good idea for some one to go in and find out," suggested Mark.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Indian. "I won't, for one."

"And I for two, b'gee!" said Dewey, with especial emphasis.

The rest were just as hasty to decline. One look at that black hole was enough to deter any one. But Mark, getting more and more impatient at the delay, more and more resolved to end that mystery, was slowly making up his mind that he was not going to be deterred. And suddenly he stepped forward.

"Give me a 'boost,'" he said. "I'm going in."

"You!" echoed the six, in a breath. "Your arm!"

"I don't care!" responded he, with decision. "I'm going to find out what's inside, and I'm going to hurry up about it, too."

"Do you mean you're going to crawl through that hole?"

"That's just what I do," he said.

Texas sprang forward with an excited "Durnation."

"You ain't!" he cried. "Cuz I'm not going to let you!"

And before Mark could comprehend what he meant his devoted friend had swung himself up to the ledge again and was already half way in through the opening.

The others stared up at him anxiously. They saw the Southerner's arms and head vanish, and then while they waited prepared for almost anything horrible, they heard an excited exclamation. A moment later the head reappeared.

"Doggone it!" cried Texas. "Fellers, there's a ladder in that!"

"A ladder!"

"Yes, sah! That's what I said, a ladder! A rope one!"

Once more the head disappeared; the body followed wriggling. Then with startling suddenness the feet and legs flew in and an instant afterward to the horror of the frightened crowd there was a heavy crash.

Mark made a leap for the opening.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Durnation!" they heard the bold Texan growl, his voice sounding hollow and muffled. "The durnation ole ladder busted."

"Ooo!" gasped Indian. "Are you dead?"

Texas did not condescend to answer that.

"Some o' you fellers come in hyar now!" he roared. "Durnation, I ain't a-goin' to stay alone."

"What's it like in there?" inquired Mark.

"I can't see," answered the other's muffled voice. "Only it's a floor like, an' doggone it, it's got carpet!"

"A carpet!" fairly gasped those outside. "A carpet!"

"I'm going in and see," exclaimed Mark. "Help me up."

The rest "boosted" him with a will. With his one free arm he managed to worm his way through the opening and then Texas seized him and pulled him through. After that the others followed with alacrity. Even Indian finally got up the "nerve," though loudly bemoaning his fate; he didn't want to come, but it was worse out there all alone in the woods.

Coming in from the brilliant sunlight they were blind as bats. They could not detect the faintest shade of difference in the darkness, and they stood huddled together timidly, not even daring to grope about them.

"Let us remove ourselves further from

the light," suggested the Parson, ever learned. "Then we may get used to the darkness, for the retina of the visual organ has the power of accommodating itself to a decrease in intensity of the illuminating—"

They prepared to obey the suggestion, without waiting for the conclusion of the discourse. But moving in that chasm was indeed a fearful task. In the first place there were possible wells, so the Parson said, though the presence of the mysterious carpet made that improbable. The first thing Mark had done when he reached bottom was to stoop and verify his friend's amazing statement. And he found that was just as the other had said. There was carpet, and it was a soft fine carpet too.

What that could mean they scarcely dared to think.

"Somebody must live here," whispered Mark. "And they can hardly be honest people, hiding in a place like this."

That did not tend to make the moving about any more pleasant. They caught hold of each other, though there was little comfort in that, for each found that his neighbors were trembling more than he. Then step by step (and very small steps) they advanced, groping in front with their hands, and feeling the ground in front of them with their feet.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Indian. "There might be a trap door!"

That grawsome and ghastly suggestion caused so much terror that it stopped all further progress for a minute at least, and when finally they did go on, it was with still more frightened and thumping hearts.

They took two or three more steps ahead; and then suddenly Mark, who was a trifle in the lead, sprang back with a cry.

"What is it?" gasped the rest.

"There's something there," he said. "Something, I don't know what. I touched it!"

They stood in a huddled group, straining their eyes to pierce the darkness. It was horrible to know that something was there, and not to know what. One might imagine anything.

"It's a Megatherium," whispered Dewey, irrepressible even here.

In the suspense that followed the frightened crowd made out that Mark was leaning forward to explore with one hand.

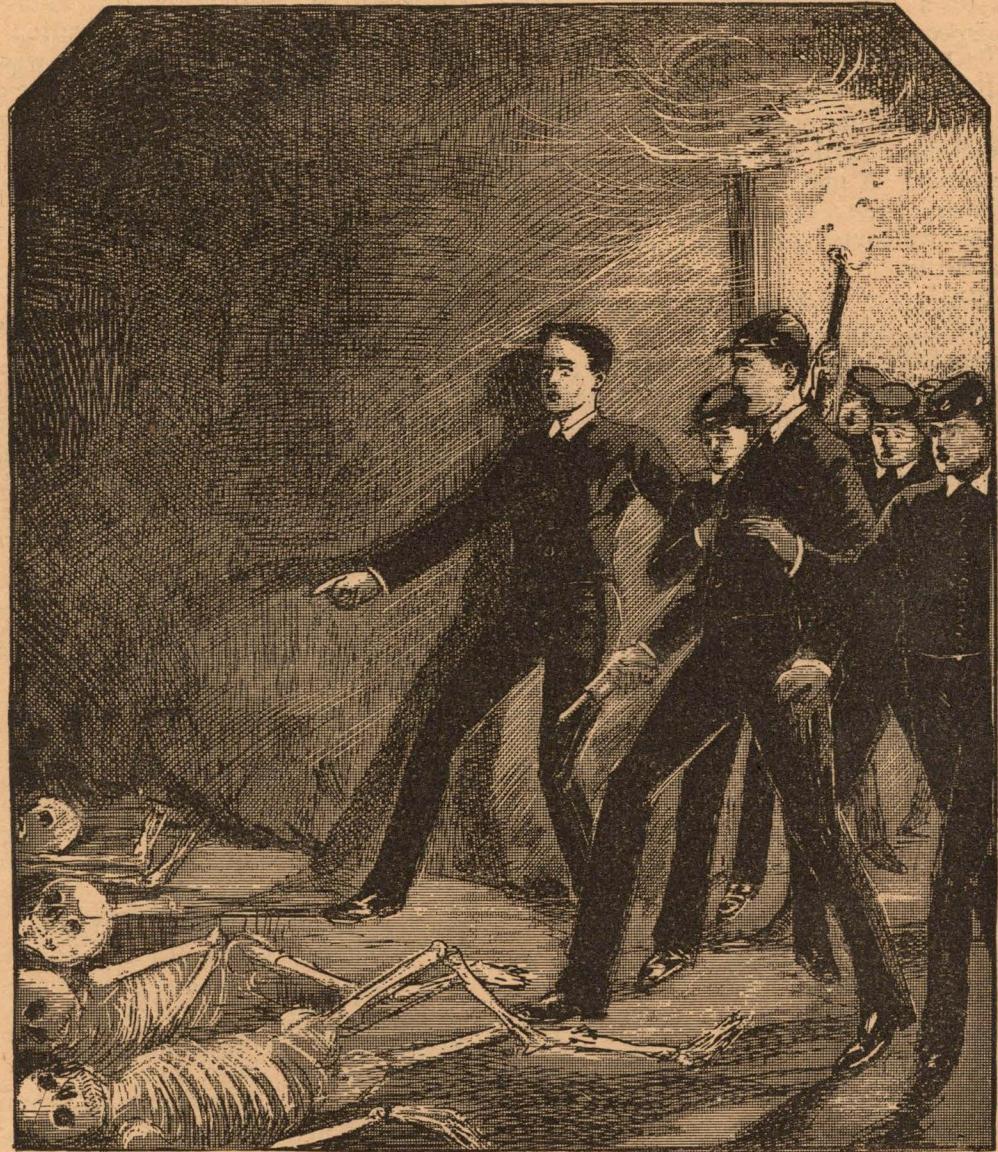
And then suddenly with a cry of real horror this time he forced them back hastily.

"It's alive!" he cried.

They were about ready to drop dead

Heaven only knew what else. Most men do not believe in ghosts or goblins until they get into just some situation as this.

Indian was moaning in terror most appalling, and the rest were in but little better state of mind. And then suddenly the Parson uttered a subdued exclamation. They turned with him and saw



MARK'S TREMBLING HAND WAS POINTING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE SKELETONS (page 1116.)

with terror by that time, or to scatter and run for their lives. Every one of them was wishing he had never thought of entering this gruesome black place, with its awful mysteries, its possibilities of fierce beasts or still more fierce and lawless men, or ghosts and goblins, or

what he meant. Facing the darkness as they had been, when they turned in the direction of the light that streamed in from the opening, they found that they really could begin to see. But how? The light was so dim and gray that it only made things worse. The seven saw all

kinds of horrible shadows about them, above them, beneath them, and not one single object could they distinguish to allay their fears.

Still huddled together, still silent and trembling, they stood and gazed about them, waiting. There was not a sound but the beating of their own hearts until all of a sudden Dewey was heard to whisper.

"B'gee, I've got a match!"

Fumbling in his pockets for a moment he brought that precious object out, while the others crowded about him anxiously. A match! A match! They could hardly believe their ears. Robinson Crusoe never welcomed that tiny object more gratefully.

With fear and trembling Dewey prepared to light it. Every one of them dreaded the moment; horrible though the darkness was, it might be a black shroud for yet more horrible things.

Mark caught him by the arm just as he was in the act of doing it; but it was not for that reason. He suggested that they have papers ready to keep that precious fire going. It was a good idea, and proved so popular that the Parson, filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice, even tore out the title page of his *Dana* to contribute. And then at last Dewey struck the light.

The match was a good one fortunately. It flickered and sputtered a moment, seeming to hesitate about burning, while the lads gasped in suspense. Then suddenly it flared up brightly, and they gazed about them in dread.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

What a lot of gruesomeness a little match can remove, to be sure! This one did not solve the mysteries of that wondrous cave, but it removed most of the horror of the explorers. It showed for instance that the furry thing which Mark had vowed was alive was an ordinary plush-covered chair!

The seven had no time to laugh at that; they were too busy staring. The feeble light could not reach to the other end of the long vista they saw, and

neither could one of the papers they hastily lit. But it gave them one glimpse of a most amazing scene.

This cave was indeed a surprising place. The carpet they saw covered nearly all of the floor. There were chairs scattered about, and other articles of furniture. There were some curtains draped from the rocky walls. There were swinging lamps from the vaulted roof. Down in the dim distance there was even a table—a table with shining white dishes upon it. And then the light began to flicker.

Quick as a flash Mark seized it and sprang toward one of the lamps. He was just in time. He whipped off the shade and touched the wick. A moment later they were standing in a brilliant clear light that shone to the farthest depths of the place.

The seven bold plebes stood in the centre beneath the lamp, perfectly amazed by what they saw. The same idea was flashing across the minds of all of them. This splendor must belong to some one! Those dishes up there were set for a meal! And the owner—where was he? Suppose he should come and find them there? Indian cast a longing glance at the opening that led to freedom outside.

Probably the wisest course for them would have been precipitate flight. To be trapped in here by desperate men would be terrible indeed! But curiosity urged them on. This was a glorious mystery—a mystery worth solving. It was almost a fairy tale; an enchanted princess alone was needed.

Now whether they would have been bold enough to stay and look about them, had it not been for one occurrence, it is impossible to say. Texas, glancing curiously about him, caught sight of a familiar object on a bench to one side, and he leaped forward and seized it. He stared at it hastily and gave a cry of joy.

It was a revolver! A forty-four calibre, and it was loaded, too!

No power on earth could have moved Texas then; he had a gun; he was at home after that, and he feared neither man nor devil.

"Let 'em come!" he cried. "I'm a-goin' to look."

He strode forward, Mark at his side, and the rest following, peering into every nook and cranny.

One thing seemed certain. There was no one about. The cave had all sorts of passageways and corners, but hunt as they would they saw not a soul, heard not a sound. The place was like a tomb. It was just as silent and wierd and uncanny, and moreover just as mouldy and dusty as the tomb is supposed to be.

Mark examined the table with its queer outlay of dishes. They were all covered with dust; several had tops, and when Mark lifted them he found that they too were empty but for that. It seemed as if dust were everywhere.

Mark was recalled from his interesting exploration by an excited "B'gee!" from Dewey. Dewey was staring at the wall, and as the others ran up to him he pointed without a word in front of him. There was a calendar hanging there. And plain as day, the inscription was still—"Tuesday, May the eighteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight!"

The seven were too mystified by that to say a word. They stared at each other in silence, and then went on.

The next thing to attract their attention was a long workbench at one side. Mark wondered how that thing could ever have come in by the opening, until he saw a box of tools at one side, which suggested that it might have been built inside. There were all sorts of strange looking tools upon the bench, and molds and dies and instruments which none of them recognized. Near by was a forge and a small pair of bellows, a pot of once molten metal, now cold and dust-covered, stood beside it; there were bars, too, of what the puzzled crowd took to be lead.

It was left to the all-wise Parson to discover what this meant. The Parson picked up one of the dies he saw upon the table. He gazed at it curiously, blowing away the dust and cleaning the metal. Then, muttering to himself excitedly, he stepped over to one side of the cave where soft clay was the floor and seizing some, pressed it into the mold. He held it before his horrified companions, a perfect image of the United States half dollar; and he spoke but two words of explanation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "counterfeitors!"

The amount of excitement which that caused may be readily imagined. A counterfeiter's den! And they were in it! Texas clutched his revolver the tighter and stared about him warily. As for poor Indian, he simply sat down upon the floor and collapsed.

"Fellows," said Mark at last. "I say we finish examining this place and get out. I don't like it."

None of them did, and they did not hesitate to say so, either. Nothing but curiosity, and the fact that they were ashamed to show their fear, kept them from running for all they were worth. As it was, their advance was timid and hesitating.

They were almost at the end of the cave then. They could see the walls sloping together and the ceiling sloping down toward the floor. The light of the lamp was far away and dim then, and they could not see very clearly. But one thing they did make out to their surprise and alarm. The end of that cave was a heavy iron door, shut tight!

There was but one idea flashed over the minds of every one in the seven at that moment. The money! Here was where the men kept it, in that firmly locked safe.

"B'gee!" muttered Dewey. "I say we go back."

Most of them wanted to, and in a hurry. But there were two of them that didn't mean to; one was the venturesome and reckless Texas, and the other was Mark.

"I'm sorry I came in," said the latter calmly. "But since I'm here I'm going to see the thing to the end. I'm going to search this cave and find out what the whole business means. Who'll help me open that door?"

The Seven Devils weren't timid by a long shot. They had dared more desperate deeds than any plebes West Point had ever seen. But in this black hole of mystery suggestive of desperate criminals and no one knew what else, it was no wonder that they hesitated. There was no one but Texas cared to venture near that shadowy door.

Mark himself was by no means as cool

as he seemed. He had made up his mind to explore the cave, and he meant to do it, but he chose to hurry all the same. He stepped quickly forward, peering anxiously into the shadows as he did so. And a moment later his hand was upon the door knob.

He shook it vigorously, but found that it was firmly set. It reminded him of the door of a safe, for it had a solid, heavy "feel" and it closed with a spring lock, having no key. Mark noticed that as he was debating with himself whether or not to open it; and then suddenly he gave the knob a mighty wrench and pulled with all his might upon the door.

The knob was rusty, and so were the complicated hinges. The door finally gave way, however, with a creak that was dismal and suggestive. The others shrank back instinctively as the black space it disclosed yawned in front of them.

Mark's heart was beating furiously as he glanced around to peer in. A musty, close odor caught his attention, and then as the faint light made its way in, he saw that beyond was still another compartment, seemingly blacker, and certainly more mysterious than the first. But Mark hesitated not a moment; he had made of his mind to enter and he did. Texas, who was at his back, taking hold of the door to hold it.

Those outside waited for but one moment, a moment of anxious suspense and dread. They had seen their leader's figure vanish, swallowed up in the blackness of the place. They were wondering, tremblingly, as to what the result would be; and then suddenly came a result so terrible and unexpected that it nearly knocked them down. It was a scream, a wild shriek of horror, and it came from Mark!

The six outside gazed at each other, ready to faint from fright; Texas, startled, too, by the weirdness of the tone, sprang back involuntarily. And in an in-

stant the heavy iron door, released from his hand, swung inward and slammed with a dismal clang that rung and echoed down the long vaulted cave.

The noise was succeeded by a silence that was yet more terrible; not another sound came from Mark, to tell that he was alive or what. And for just an instant, paralyzed with fright, the horror-stricken cadets stood motionless, staring blankly at the glistening door. And then Texas sprang forward to the rescue. He seized the knob furiously, and tearing at the barrier with all his strength, flung it wide open.

"Come on!" he cried. "Follow me!"

Texas was clutching the revolver, a desperate look upon his face; the others, horrified though they were, sprang forward to his side ready to dare anything for the sake of Mark.

But there was no need of their entering. As the light shone in the whole scene was plainly in view. And the six stared with ever increasing awe. Leaning against the wall where he had staggered back, was Mark; his face was white as a sheet; one trembling hand was raised, pointing across the compartment. And the rest followed the direction with their eyes, and then started back in no less horror, their faces even paler than his. Lying flat upon the floor, shining out in the blackness white and distinct and ghastly, their hollow eyes fixed in a death stare upon the roof, were six horrible grinning skeletons.

Awe stricken, those reckless plebes stood motionless, gazing upoe the scene. They were too dumbfounded to say a word, almost to think. And then suddenly as one man moved by a single impulse, they faced about and stole silently out of the place. The iron door clanged once more, and then, still silent, the plebes marched in Indian file down the long corridor to where the sunlight streamed in; helped each other out

through the narrow opening; and finally, free at last, drew a long breath of inexpressible relief under the clear blue sky of heaven.

It was some minutes after that even, before they said a word. Finally Mark spoke.

"Fellows," he said, "there's a mystery. Who can solve it?"

The Parson heaved a sigh and raised his voice.

"There were once," he began, "six counterfeiters, who did their work in a lonely cave. That cave had two entrances, one of which we know of."

"And the other," added Mark, adopting his friends peculiar method of hazarding a guess, "the other lies at the end of the passageway through the door."

"And the door was put there," continued the Parson, "because the other entrance was exposed, I should say, because they feared some one might find it and find them. Subsequently, perhaps, that entrance was blocked, and then?"

"And then," said Mark, "they were caught in their own trap. That door slammed on them as it did on me. And they have gone to answer for their crimes —starved."

"No," corrected the Parson, gravely.

"Suffocated. And that is all. Let us go home."

Still awe-stricken and silent, the rest arose and started to follow him. But suddenly Texas, the excitable irrelevant Texas, stopped and began to gasp.

"Durnation!" he cried. "Fellers——"

"What is it?"

"D'ye know I never thought of it! That air cave is our'n!"

"How do you mean?"

"There ain't anyone else to own it, that's what I mean. An' ef ever we want a place to hide in——"

"Or to haze yearlings in!" gasped Dewey.

"Or to have any kind of fun in!" cried Mark.

"Durnation, we've got it!" roared Texas, finishing the sentence for them.

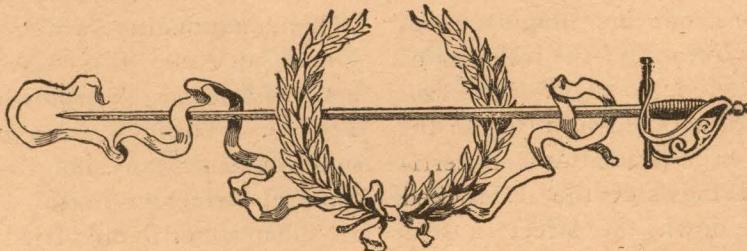
The seven were staring at each other, their eyes fairly dancing with delight. And suddenly Mark sprang forward.

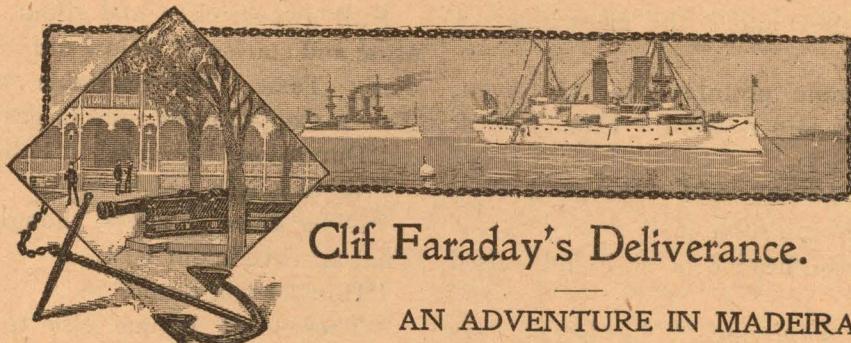
"Fellows," he cried. "Fellows, I say, three cheers for

"The Seven Devil's Den!"

[THE END.]

Lieutenant Frederick Garrison's next West Point story will be entitled "Mark Mallory's Treasure, or, A Midnight Hunt for Gold."





## Clif Faraday's Deliverance.

AN ADVENTURE IN MADEIRA.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A QUARREL WITH AN OLD ENEMY.

"Hooray! Whoop! Look out of the way!"

The streets of Madeira had never seen such a sight in their history; the lazy inhabitants of the town opened their eyes in surprise and stared.

The cause of all the excitement was a group of lads wearing the uniform of cadets in the Annapolis Naval Academy. They were from the practice ship *Monongahela*, anchored in the bay. They were on shore leave just then, and bent on having all the fun they knew how; incidentally, they were anxious to show the citizens of Madeira what a pile of noise and fun a Yankee boy can hold.

Somehow they had gotten hold of one of the heavy sledges which are so characteristic of the place. Wagons in Madeira do not have wheels, but are dragged along the ground by oxen after the fashion of a sleigh when there is no snow. The oxen are sleepy creatures enough, but in this case they had been goaded to madness by the yells and blows of the cadets, and were galloping down the street in great style.

The wagon contained several casks of wine, which were dancing about like so many straws. And the owner of the cart, a heavy, good-natured negro, who was

evidently being well paid for his apathy, sat on one of them and said nothing while the cadets drove the vehicle flying down the street.

"Hooray! Whoop! Look out of the way!"

Not all of the cadets were joining in that celebration, however; considering the intense heat of that tropical sun the ones who looked on were by far the more sensible. Among these were three with whom we have to deal.

They were walking along in the shade as the party clattered by. The tallest of them was a handsome youth with a frank, pleasing face and curly brown hair. He was a member of the plebe class, our old friend Clif Faraday. Next to him was a smaller lad, Clif's warmest friend and admirer, popularly known as "Nanny" Gote. The third was a dark lad with a countenance that distinctly told his nationality, which was Japanese. Motohiko Asaki was his name; it had been shortened to Motor, and thence to Trolley. "Trolley" was a lad with a passion for American slang with all its incomprehensible mysteries.

"There's our old friend the plebe deviler," remarked Clif, pointing to one of the foremost and most noisy of the party, the one who was wielding the whip. "Cadet Corporal Sharp seems to be enjoying himself."

"Yes," chuckled little Nanny. "He seems to have found some one he can beat at last."

"Him no beat Clif," observed Trolley, gazing at his friend proudly. "Him big bully—no good—N. G., as you boys say. No smash any ice!"

Trolley smiled placidly at himself, having thus rendered his opinion in choice Americans idiom. His friends smiled at him too.

Cadet Corporal Sharp, to whom they were alluding thus harshly, was a yearling who had made it his especial business to torment the plebes, Clif Faraday among them. Having been foiled once or twice, and moreover soundly thrashed by the latter in a fair fight, he was now very meek and inoffensive. But Clif, who knew the yearling's vindictive and rather cowardly nature was sure that the affair was not yet at an end.

The party on the wagon had vanished in a cloud of dust by this time, and the three went on down the street, gazing curiously at the shops and the people of the place. Madeira is a Portuguese colony. The island is practically a tall mountain rising out of the sea. The queer old town is built on the shore, and its narrow streets end by running up the hillside.

The plebes went on without turning until they were at the outskirts of the town. There is a natural curiosity there which no stranger fails to visit—a spouting rock. The noise of it may be heard distinctly from the town, and the cadets had noticed it the first thing when the training ship entered the harbor. A spouting rock is a perfectly simple formation. A careful observer may notice it in miniature along any rocky coast. A narrow cleft in the rocks, into which each wave rushes; and then a little upward slope that turns the wave into a fountain.

Clif Faraday was not destined to see that rock, however. He and his two

friends came upon a sight a few moments later which drove all ideas of scenery from their minds.

It was the third classmen and their load of wine again. They had come to grief. The cart had struck a snag, and going at the rate it was its contents, the casks, had been scattered helter skelter. Some of the cadets looked as if they too had been sliding along the road.

It was in a lonely part of the town and there was not a soul near to observe what was going on. The negro had gone away, probably to get a new cart; and as for the cadets, they were waiting and incidentally amusing themselves as best they could. They were sitting under a shady tree. One of the casks had sprung a leak, and concluding that it was a shame to waste the wine, the crowd had proceeded to regale themselves, *ad lib.* It was very good wine—Madeira—and besides there was no one to see them. The plebes they did not observe.

No one must get an idea that it is the habit of Annapolis cadets to carry on in that way. That this crowd was led by Corporal Sharp is sufficient evidence to prove that they formed the lower element of the class. This fact accounts for their behavior, their hilarious condition at the moment and what took place a minute later as well.

Clif and his friends were so busy watching the by no means edifying scene that they failed to notice a person who was hurrying down the road from the opposite direction. Corporal Sharp did, however, and he sprang up suddenly.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "Look there!" His companions turned suddenly; the three plebes looked too. The figure was that of a girl, and a prettier girl no one of them had ever seen before. To meet such a stranger along this lonely road was indeed a pleasant surprise, and Corporal Sharp stared curiously. The girl was a typical Portuguese beauty, at the

age when Portuguese women are most beautiful. Her complexion was rich and brilliant, and her hair and eyes black as night. She had a quiet grace and an air of refinement about her, and she shrank instinctively to the other side of the road as she noticed the staring group by the casks of wine.

Corporal Sharp was inflamed with drink though, for that matter he was never anything but a ruffian. Quick as a wink he sprang up and placed himself directly in the path of the passing girl.

Naturally she stopped and started back, with a cry of alarm. The cadet officer raised his hat and bowed with a leer.

"Good afternoon," said he; "may I——"

"How dare you!" gasped the girl, speaking in English; her cheeks were burning with indignation.

By way of answer the cadet leaned forward and stretching out his hand, familiarly "chucked" the girl under the chin. She screamed; Corporal Sharp laughed and stepped toward her. The next instant he found himself seized violently by the collar and hurled head over heels into the ditch at the side of the road.

He rose up fairly blazing with anger; he seized a heavy rock and whirled about. He flung back his arm—but then suddenly he stopped. It was Clif Faraday who was facing him, cool and smiling. Clif had once soundly thrashed the yearling, as we have said; and somehow, though he was blind with fury, the corporal knew his master and he dared not hurl the missile. Instead he glared and fell to blustering.

"Confound you!" he snarled. "Why do you have to be meddling in my affairs?"

To that, of course, Clif said nothing. He eyed the fellow with a look of contempt that was all the more cutting because it was silent and deserved.

By this time the angry companions of

the outraged cadet officer had rushed to his aid. They ranged themselves at his back, shouting for vengeance. Nanny and Trolley were at Clif's side, and thus the two groups stood menacing each other, the terrified girl in between them.

The thing looked dark for the plebes, for there were half a dozen of Corporal Sharp's gang, and they all hated Clif worse than poison. They had sticks and stones in their hands. Nanny and the Jap were like midgets beside them, but they stuck gamely by Clif, who never once ceased to smile in scorn.

The whole thing was stopped just there most fortunately. Before a blow could be struck one of the contestants chanced to glance down the street, and a moment later he whispered:

"Quick! Quick! An officer!"

Like a flash the crowd turned and fled wildly away, as a blue uniform appeared round a turn in the road. Nanny and Trolley took to their heels also, and no one remained but Clif. Clif had done nothing to be ashamed of and he knew it, and, therefore, he did not mean to hide. He looked the officer, a lieutenant, squarely in the eye as he passed, and saluted him. The officer gave a quick and surprised glance at the beautiful girl the plebe was with, but he said nothing, and without even seeing the wine cask went on down the road.

Clif gazed about him anxiously after the lieutenant was out of sight, but not a sign of his assailants could he see.

"A fortunate deliverance," he remarked, and then turned to the girl, who was gazing at him in unconcealed admiration. Clif bowed and raised his hat.

"I am very sorry that this happened," said he. "I am ashamed of my classmates. I will promise you to give that fellow a good thrashing by way of punishment. They will not trouble you any more now."

The girl glanced around her anxiously, with a look of uncertain dread.

"I do not know," she said. "I am afraid of them. I think I shall have to go back home."

"Where were you going?" inquired Clif, politely. "If you will allow me to escort you there, I am sure they will not molest you. That fellow is a coward except when he is very angry."

The girl accepted Clif's offer frankly, and the two started down the path. As

back and felt himself flung head first into a slimy pool of water at the road side. When he got up again his assailants were gone, and there was not a soul near but the terrified girl.

"It was the same fellow," said she.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PLOT OF AN ENEMY.

We must leave them standing there and turn our attention to two other mem-



CLIFF SMILED GRIMLY AS HE CONFRONTED CADET CORPORAL SHARP (page 1120).

he said, he did not expect to see the third class cadets again, and he was conversing merrily with the girl, rather congratulating himself on his luck.

Clif was mistaken, though, about the cadets, for they had not gone. To make a long story short, they were hiding and glaring at him enviously.

A few moments later, as he was passing through a thick wood on his way back to town, he heard a quick step at his

bers of the plebe class, cadets who have not as yet appeared in this story. They are Judson Greene and Chris Spendly, Clif Faraday's worst enemies on earth.

The hatred of these two friends for Clif had begun with their rivalry for a cadetship at Annapolis. It had been kept up by the two by all imaginable kinds of petty annoyances and more desperate efforts to get Clif expelled. It had gone so far that Judson Greene had once at-

tempted Clif Faraday's life. At the present moment the two were looking for nothing quite so much as a chance to ruin their hated rival by any means in their power.

That they were witnesses of the quarrel between Corporal Sharp and Clif was suspected by no one. The two had been tramping about the country and were just on the point of coming out upon the road when the first encounter took place. They saw the officer approach, and they watched with unconcealed rage and hatred their enemy walk away with that beautiful girl. Judson and Chris had followed behind. They were glad they had done so a while later, for they had the supreme satisfaction of watching the second cowardly attack.

One thing else the two saw. They watched Clif as he got up and scraped the mire from his handsome uniform; gazing about him in a vain effort to see where his assailants had gone. Clif did not usually show his anger; but at that moment his face, as far as it was visible, was such a picture of indignation that the two watchers shrank back in alarm. It was still so when he turned away with the girl, leaving them to make their way back to town, speculating as they went concerning their rival's unusual behavior.

"I'll bet he's going to make it hot for the corporal," chuckled Spendly. "Jove! I guess Faraday would like to murder him to-day."

Spendly had made that remark quite casually, without thinking exactly of what he had been saying. There was a moment's silence after it and then suddenly Judson turned and stared at his companion with a look of inspiration upon his face.

"By the lord!" he cried.

Spendly stopped short in his tracks and gazed at him in amazement.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Don't you see what I mean?" almost shouted Judson.

"No, confound you, of course I don't!" responded the other, rather sharply. "How should I?"

"Well, you're a fool if you don't!" retorted Judson, with no less asperity. "Don't be a bigger fool and get mad," he

added, as he noticed his comrade flush.

"You needn't be so brutally frank," retorted Spendly, angrily. "I'm not——"

"Oh, rats!" cried Judson, impatient at the delay. He was too excited at his idea to waste any time quarreling.

"Look here," he began hurriedly. "Spendly, Faraday hates Sharp like the very deuce, and all the class knows it."

"What of that?"

"What? Simply this. Sharp has treated us like a brute, and I hate the very ground he walks on. Now here's our chance to get even? Don't you see it, man? If anything should happen to Sharp to-day it would be blamed on Faraday!"

In an instant all idea of being angry had been whirled out of Spendly's mind. He saw the plot. It was an inspiration! And he turned and seized his friend by the hand and fairly shouted for joy.

"By heaven, old man!" he cried. "We've got our chance at last. Good Lord, what a chance this is!"

The two lost not a moment in making up a plan. They were so excited and eager that they really forgot where they were. They had reached the town again and were hurrying along the street before they half realized it. They were still talking and whispering, suggesting one thing after another, when suddenly they chanced to catch sight of the very man they were talking about, Cadet Corporal Sharp.

Judson seized his friend eagerly by the arm.

"Look! look!" he cried. "There he goes now! Let's follow him and think up something to do."

They turned promptly and set out behind the party. It was Sharp and his gang, the same ones who had attacked Faraday. They were hunting about then for some new diversion, for the wine they had drunk had gotten them wild and excited. They had not the least suspicion of the two plebes who were warily following at a distance.

It was then about two o'clock in the afternoon. Judson Greene and Chris Spendly followed the crowd about the town for at least two hours without hitting on any plan. But their patience was

rewarded at last; they found their opportunity.

Half way up on the mountain which, as stated before, forms the island of Madiera, stands an old monastery. This place is one of the "show places" of the town. Every one who goes to Madeira goes to that monastery, more especially because of the ride down, which is about as exciting an adventure as most people ever meet with. There is a little railroad running down the hill side, and cars upon it resembling "hand-cars." There is a man to run the car, and though he keeps the brakes on all the way down, even then the speed of the descent makes one nervous.

Corporal Sharp went up to see the monastery. The two vindictive plebes still at his heels. The plebes were soon to get the long looked-for chance.

They heard the cadet corporal talking to the man about riding down. Then the party strolled away to look around them and the two, who were skulking in the bushes, gazed at each other nervously.

"Our time has come," said Judson.

Spendly knew just what he meant, but he trembled as he thought of it.

"I don't—I—" he began, hesitatingly.

"Go to thunder!" snarled Judson angrily; he was by this time fairly swept off his feet with passion, seeing at last a chance to revenge himself, not only upon the hated corporal, but upon Faraday as well.

Judson did not feel like wasting any time talking with his companion. That gang might come back any moment, and then it would be too late.

"You stay there," he snarled, "and keep quiet. I'll see to this."

He hurried rapidly out of the woods and approached the car. The man was lying flat upon his back some distance off, and there was no one else watching. Judson saw that the coast was clear, and he went boldly to work. He picked up a stick of wood and crawled under the car; he had fully decided what to do and so there was no time wasted in thinking.

He reappeared half a minute later flushed and nervous. He stood up and gazed about him. At the same moment to his horror he saw the man who ran

the car raise his head and look at him; Judson turned and hurried away, trembling in every limb. The horrible deed was done; but the only thing that worried the doer was the fear that the man might have become suspicious.

What followed after that Judson did not see, but his friend Spendly watched it from his hiding-place. The man had not become suspicious—in fact he had scarcely noticed the plebe, though he afterward remembered having seen him. There was absolutely nothing to frustrate the scheme of the murderous lad.

The whole thing happened with such horrible swiftness when once it got started that Spendly scarcely realized it. The merry lads came out of the building, and as if realizing the deadly peril that was in store for them and resolved to have it over with at once, they made straight for the car. At the same time the lazy fellow who was to run it got up from the ground and joined them, ready for this, his last trip upon that car.

Spendly was watching them with staring eyes and trembling limbs. He felt impelled to spring up and shout out a warning, but he hesitated for one instant, and the next instant it was too late. The active lads had sprung aboard, the man had released the car, and away they went.

The incline was slight for the first few yards, but the car was heavily loaded and it gathered speed as it went. Faster and faster it seemed to leap ahead; the cool breeze began to blow in the faces of the eager cadets, the rapid clatter of the wheels upon the track grew yet more rapid, fast increasing to a whir.

Corporal Sharp was standing up in front, in the bow, he laughingly called it. His hair was blowing about his cheeks and his coat waving out behind. He flung his cap into the air and shouted merrily for three cheers.

Just at that moment the "steersman" concluded to put on the brakes. He reached for the lever and jammed it down. To his horror it stuck fast. Again and again with increasing desperation he pressed on it, flung all his weight against it, while the car leaped on faster and faster still. His efforts were in vain.

The moment that followed was an

awful one. From the man's bronzed and tropical complexion the blood had fled and left him white as a ghost. He turned upon the merry crowd and his husky voice struck them chill. He flung his arms into the air with a despairing gesture and shouted aloud:

"Jump! Jump for your lives!"

Jump? The car was going with a speed that seemed to rival an express train. The wind was blowing a hurricane; trees and rocks were whirling past; the ties were flashing by and vanishing beneath them.

The cadets stood white and horrified; but they stood that way for only an instant. A single glance down the ever increasing slope told them that hesitation meant a horrible death. Almost as one man the crowd leaped out into space, striking the ground in all sorts of postures, rolling and sliding along the ground, and finally remaining limp and helpless where they stopped.

As for the car, it leaped ahead with still greater swiftness and already it was halfway down the slope. One man still remained upon it!

It was the native. He had delayed but an instant to make one more effort to move the brake to check the speed of the car. That effort cost him his life, for when he looked up again he dared not jump. The cadets were mere specks back on the swiftly receding track.

The people in the village saw that car coming down the slope. It did not seem to be going very fast in the distance; in fact it seemed to be slowly creeping down. But as it drew nearer, its speed became evident. The people stared and gasped to see it whirl round the curves. And then there came to their ears a faint rumbling sound, swelling louder, closer, like the gallop of approaching horses or the hum of an approaching train.

Louder still it roared—louder—and then suddenly with a whirl and a crash the car burst into view with its single despairing victim. It plunged head on into the platform at the end of the track, with a deafening thud and crushing of timber. And the man was hurled through the air, fifty feet at one throw, and landed full upon his head.

A hundred people rushed toward him;

they raised him up all bloody and gasping. The next instant something happened so startling that it seemed a judgment from heaven.

The man seemed dying; in fact, one might almost have thought he was dead. But his eyes opened for one moment; his trembling hand was raised just once, and his choking voice was heard to gasp. It was at an approaching figure he pointed, a figure clad in the blue uniform of an Annapolis plebe. That uniform the man recognized; he had seen it come from under his car.

"He did it!" panted the man. "He did it! He!"

And the next instant he had sunk back into silence.

The plebe was Clif Faraday!

### CHAPTER III.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

The scene that resulted precludes description. Clif, to his intense astonishment, found himself leaped upon by the crowd and roughly seized. A moment more and he was on the scene of the accident and in the hands of the infuriated and jabbering Portuguese.

Clif had not the remotest idea of what had angered the crowd, though from their exclamations it was evident that something had enraged them mightily. The whole situation flashed over Clif a moment later, when some of the crowd who had been examining the shattered car, suddenly gave vent to a shout.

The mob rushed to the spot, dragging their prisoner with them. The car was turned over and the stick of wood made visible to all. Instantly a perfect roar of fury surged up. Some fiend had done that, and they had the fiend!

In vain Clif struggled and protested his innocence. Few understood what he said, and fewer still cared to. Somebody dealt him a heavy blow from behind. Clif, ever courageous, struck out vigorously, and in a moment more there was a fight in progress.

It stopped a moment later as if by mutual consent, for another party arrived upon the scene. And if anything was necessary to increase the crowd's

rage it was what that party said. It was Cadet Corporal Sharp!

He was bloody and cut; his clothing was in rags as he dashed wildly down the track to the scene. He had comprehended the situation, and with his vindictive nature he fairly leaped for joy as he realized his rival's peril. Moreover, he believed that the charge was true, that Clif had tried to kill him; with trembling finger he shouted out his accusation.

The infuriated men saw from his gestures and actions what he meant, and that completed their conviction. It does not take much to convince a mob anyway. This mob was roaring for vengeance, and attacking their helpless prisoner savagely. All Clif's resistance had been speedily overcome, and the situation had grown very dark indeed.

It was about as perilous a moment as Clif Faraday had ever known. He was separated from all his friends, a supposed guilty wretch in the hands of a howling mob. It was not long before that mob took up the dreaded chorus.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

Lynching is supposed to be primarily an American pastime. As an actual fact, it is the first idea that enters the mind of every mob, "from China to Peru." They may not use the word lynch, but the criminal is just as dead as if they had.

Two of the cadets of the plebe class had been near and seen the attack upon Faraday. They were Trolley and Nanny, his two friends, and they had not hesitated a moment. They were only two, and boys, but they saw their leader's peril and leaped to his side.

They were mere children before the furious men. Half a minute later they found themselves bruised and battered on the outskirts of the mob. Clif Faraday was inside and Heaven only knew what was happening to him. Just then swelled the cry again:

"Kill him! Kill him!"

Trolley gasped for breath and leaped at the crowd again. Poor little Nanny hesitated an instant, and then turned and sped away down the street, screaming for help as he ran.

Fear, not for himself but for his beloved companion urged him on to still greater and greater efforts. Nanny was

making for the shore; a moment later he came in sight of it, and a glad sight welcomed his eyes. There were three boat loads of cadets and sailors out on the middle of the bay. But oh, they were so far off!

Nanny put his hands to his mouth to improvise a trumpet and shouted at the very top of his lungs.

"Help! Help! They're lynching Clif!"

Fortunately the water of the bay was smooth and the sound carried. Nanny saw the officers in the boats turn round in their seats and stare at his wildly imploring figure. He saw the men stop rowing. And then once more he yelled, even louder than before:

"Help! Help! They're lynching Clif Faraday!"

There was no misunderstanding those words, or the agonized tone they were given in. The oars flashed in the sunlight; the heavy boats whirled about, and then, as the rowers bent lustily to their task, fairly leaped through the water toward the shore. But oh, they were so far away! And time was so, so precious!

Poor Nanny was like a maniac. He was prancing up and down the shore, tearing his hair in agony, waving his arms at the boats, shrieking with all his might. As the sailors drew nearer his distress grew still more manifest and strong arms tugged at the oars. The stroke grew faster and faster still, the blades flashed quicker, and the spray flew higher as the cutters dashed through the waves. Clif Faraday was a favorite among the crew of the Monongahela, and a favorite with his own class, the cadets who were in the boats. And nothing could have been imagined to make them work harder than Nanny's despairing cries.

"Help! Help! They're lynching Clif Faraday."

At last the boats reached the land, grated upon the sand on the beach. The crews leaped out and the officers rushed toward Nanny.

"Where is he?" they cried. "What's the matter?"

But already the agonized lad had turned and was speeding up the street.

"Come! Come!" he shouted.

And almost without waiting for the orders, cadets and sailors as one man

leaped forward in pursuit. Up the street they swept, giving a ringing cheer as they came. A moment later the scene of the lynching burst upon their view.

It was a terrible sight. There was a roaring mob, swelling every instant, and shouting furiously. They were standing beneath a big tree right in the midst of the town. There was a rope plainly visible from the tree, and the sailors dreaded at any instant to see a dark body swung up into the air.

"Charge!" roared the officers.

Perhaps there was no international law to justify the act, but nobody thought of that. Boys and men in one compact body they plunged at the mob, striking right and left and sweeping everything before them. It was American brawn and courage, fighting for American flesh and blood. And the result was never in doubt for one moment. Almost without resistance the crew cut its way to the centre of the crowd and captured the all-important rope. An instant later the half unconscious Faraday was in his classmates' arms and being borne rapidly back to the boats.

The mob was furious at having been cheated of its prey. It rallied and leaped away in pursuit, shouting, flinging sticks and stones. But it was too late then, for their victim was safe in the hands of his friends. The sailors repulsed all their attacks; there is nothing the average sailor likes better than a rough and tumble fight such as this, especially when they are not liable to be punished for it by their officers. In two or three minutes more they were safely in the boats and pulling away toward their vessel.

Clif Faraday was safe at last!

## CHAPTER IV.

### CLIF FARADAY'S STRANGE SILENCE.

There was, of course, the wildest excitement aboard the Monongahela when the story was made known, and when Clif, white and weak, was lifted aboard. The officers reported what they had done in the matter to the captain, and he sent hastily for Clif as soon as the lad was able to see him.

By that time other persons had arrived upon the scene. In the first place there was the American Consul; and then the Mayor of the town, and a host of other indignant officials, jabbering in Portuguese concerning outrages and insults to national honor. There was fun aboard the ship after that.

The American Consul stated the case for the officials. They were much obliged to the American sailors for preventing the lynching; but as for running off with the criminal, that was another matter. He must be delivered to the authorities at once. He would be put safely in jail; the consul would see to his safety—the Mayor would protect him with the whole garrison of the place if necessary.

As to his guilt there was no doubt. The consul gave the proofs, which truly horrified the "old man," as the captain of the ship is popularly known.

Clif was a great favorite of his, and he had no idea that the case was as dark and terrible as it seemed. Cadet Corporal Sharp was hastily sent for, and with much reluctance (oh, yes!) told the story of Faraday's enmity for him. It is needless to say that he omitted unnecessary details.

The captain was horrified. He could not but believe that Faraday was guilty of that terrible act. It was almost murder, for the man lay in the hospital on the verge of death. Small wonder that the authorities were anxious to secure the villain.

Faraday was summoned at once. He had to be supported into the room, for the horrible experience of the afternoon had made him ill. He took a seat at the captain's command, and faced his accusers in the impromptu court.

"Cadet Faraday," began the officer, gravely, "I suppose you know the weight of the evidence against you?"

"I do," said Clif, looking his superior frankly in the eye.

"This is a very serious matter," said the other. "These gentlemen are the civil authorities of the town, and they demand that you be sent to jail at once. I cannot see but that they have right on their side, for the evidence is terribly against you."

"I can very easily prove my innocence," responded Clif calmly.

The captain gazed at him in amazement, and his face lit up with pleasure.

"Can you?" he cried. "In what way?"

"I can prove an alibi," said Clif.

The commander of the Monongahela made no effort to hide his satisfaction at Clif's seemingly cool indifference. If he had been in real danger of his life surely he would not have taken the matter as he did. He must have something to back up his assertion, which was indeed a cause for delight. The officer was loath to believe the charge against this handsome and courageous lad.

"Mr. Faraday," he said, "the evidence is strong. But I need not tell you how I hope that it is false. Pray go on."

"How do you mean?" inquired Clif.

"State the proofs of your innocence."

"I cannot do it now," responded the cadet.

The captain was still more astounded at that than he was at the former assertion.

"Not now!" he cried. "Pray why?"

"I cannot tell that either," answered Clif.

"Can not tell that! Then for Heaven's sake when will you tell it?"

"To-morrow morning," was the answer.

The captain gazed at the plebe in consternation and amazement, which he made no effort to hide. This was indeed a most amazing state of affairs. The prisoner was so cool and indifferent under the charge, so certain of his safety. And yet he refused to clear himself.

"My dear fellow," protested the captain. "You will have to go back to jail if you refuse."

"That is unfortunate," responded Clif, "very unfortunate, but it cannot be helped."

Then noticing his superior's puzzled and annoyed look, he added: "I know you think this is a strange way to act, captain. And yet the matter is very simple if I were only in a position to explain it to you. You will probably laugh when I do tell you the reason. But I shall not even hint at it now. Of course I am not at all anxious to spend a night in jail, but I would rather do that than break a promise. What time will the Monongahela sail, captain?"

"We were going at nine in the morning," gasped the astounded officer. "But if you are—"

"I shall be with you by that time," said Clif, with all possible politeness. Then he turned toward the foreigners.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to go with you."

The American Consul had translated Clif's most inexplicable statements to these latter. They sniffed with incredulity which they made no effort to hide. Yet they could not help admiring the nerve with which the lad carried out his "bluff."

At Clif's last words they arose to go. The captain of the Monongahela had meant to contest their right to the cadet's person, but the latter's own indifference completely took the wind out of his sails, and he said nothing.

A few minutes later "the murderer" stepped out upon the shore again, where he was immediately surrounded by a large body of troops and escorted in safety to the jail.

The captain slept very uneasily that night. He was worried about Clif Faraday a good deal more than he cared to acknowledge even to himself. The charge against the lad was a terrible one; as to his guilt or innocence, the officer did not know what to think. He seemed so much at ease, and yet he had acted so strangely! At any rate it was all to be settled in the morning. If he came he must clearly have proven his alibi; and if he didn't, he was to be left to his fate.

The captain was up and pacing the bridge even earlier than usual. He told nobody why he kept the glass in his hand and scanned the shore incessantly; he told nobody why he did not go down for breakfast. But everybody knew, nevertheless, that "the old man" was waiting for Faraday.

Any doubts as to that fact were dispelled as sailing time came. The crew was in the very act of hoisting the anchor when they heard a startled exclamation from the usually dignified captain.

"By George, if that isn't he for a fact!"

Everybody knew what the words meant. They glanced toward the shore,

where a boat was in the very act of putting off. And forthwith such a shout arose that even Clif heard it in the distance and knew that his classmates were welcoming him.

He climbed aboard, happy as a lark, a few minutes later, while a perfect storm of cheers arose, cheers that nobody tried to stop and everybody joined in. The captain strode up to him before he had a chance to get his breath.

"Come below, sir," said he. "I want to see you."

Clif followed him meekly, looking very solemn. He had tact enough to see that the captain wanted to seem indignant.

"Take a seat sir," said he, when they reached his cabin. "And now will you please have the goodness to tell me why you acted so absurdly and kept me awake all night?"

"I will," said Clif. "But you must remember beforehand that I told you my excuse would seem absurd. I met a very pretty girl in town, sir——"

"Oho!" said the captain.

"It happened," continued Clif, "that I rescued her from—er, that is, I just rescued her."

"After your usual habit," put in the captain.

"Yes, sir. And I escorted her to where she was going. It seemed that she had a very cruel step-mother——"

"A nice affair for my cadets to be mixed up in!" commented the officer.

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir," smiled Clif. "Anyway, she was running off to get married when I met her. She was to be married at seven this morning. After that she was safe; before that, being a minor, she was liable to be taken away by her parents, who were hunting for her. Therefore, I was sworn to secrecy."

"And, therefore, you had to act as if you'd as leave be hung as not," growled the captain. "And puzzle me and worry me to death. A nice state of affairs in-

deed! And will you kindly tell me how you escaped from this murder charge?"

"Simply," said Clif, "that I had just left the girl's house when the accident took place. She and her relatives and every one who was in the house testified to that. So it was clear I could not have been up on the mountain, too. And then the murdered man didn't die after all, and they took me over to the hospital. He concluded he'd made a mistake in his identification. He'd seen somebody like me near the car. That was the end of the matter—they let me go."

The commander read Clif a strong lecture on the folly of mixing with such personal affairs and nodded him from the cabin without further comment.

The American Consul visited the ship shortly after and the captain and he held a brief consultation at which it was decided to let the whole affair drop.

"I am loath to believe that one of my cadets would be guilty of such a horrible trick," said the former, "but from all the evidence it seems undoubted that a cadet was tampering with that brake on the car. However, we can do nothing in the matter and we'll let it go at that. I am more pleased than I can tell you that Faraday has proved his innocence. He is a splendid lad and has the makings of a fine officer in him."

To which the consul heartily agreed.

When the sun went down at the end of that day the old Monongahela was standing eastward under a full press of canvas leaving behind her in the dark smudge on the distant horizon which represented the island of Madeira all chance of fastening the guilt of the tragedy.

For which Judson Greene and Chris Spendly thanked their lucky stars for many a day.

[THE END.]

The next number (25) of Army and Navy will contain "A Peril of the Sea," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.



## DAN'S BICYCLE RACE.

"It wobbles awful, don't it, mister? Want me to hold it for you till you get started on it once?"

Dr. Lester Hardcastle looked up with a flushed face from the bicycle to which he was clinging, and wiped his perspiring brow.

It did "wobble." There was no doubt about it; but he had trundled it half a mile out of the village that he might wobble unseen upon it, and he was not a little annoyed to find that his strenuous and unsuccessful efforts had been witnessed by a spectator, even though it was only a boy.

He was about to indignantly decline the offer, when suddenly it occurred to him that it might be of real assistance to him to have a prop, against which to steady himself, and he turned to look at the speaker.

A tall, lank boy of about fourteen, with an angular-featured face, plentifully beset with freckles, and a mop of tow-colored hair, that bristled out through the holes in his old straw hat, rose from his reclining position in the long, tangled grass at the roadside.

"Well, I don't care if you do," was Mr. Hardcastle's rather ungracious acceptance of the offer; and Dan sprang forward eagerly.

"My! ain't she just a beauty, though?" exclaimed the boy, enthusiastically, as he inspected the gleaming spokes. "Should think it would be awful hard to get used to staying there," he added, looking at the saddle.

Lester Hardcastle liked the boy's evident appreciation of the difficulties attending bicycle riding, as well as his genuine admiration, and he answered cordially:

"Well, it is pretty hard to get used to it. Now, you steady it while I get in the saddle, if you can."

Dan balanced the machine as well as he could, and Lester found that he progressed much more satisfactorily than he had before Dan proffered his assistance.

The two were on quite friendly terms before the twilight began to grow too deep for the riding lesson to continue longer, and when the doctor trundled his bicycle back to the office, he had kindly accorded Dan permission to help him every evening if he wanted to.

The offer was gladly accepted, for next to his admiration for the bicycle, Dan admired the doctor.

Dan hadn't much ambition about most things; but before he had officiated as chief assistant at the riding lessons a week, he was fired with the desire to possess a bicycle of his own. He had asked the doctor what they cost and his answer had been, "This one cost one hundred dollars."

One hundred dollars! The doctor might just as well have said a thousand dollars, as far as any chance of Dan's getting that immense sum together was concerned. He had never had a quarter all at one time in his whole life, so you can imagine what a fortune the bicycle seemed to cost to him.

But he was determined to have one, and vague ideas of becoming industrious and saving began to fit through his brain.

"I must put in a day polishing this wheel up," remarked the doctor one evening as he noticed that the bicycle had a tarnished look.

"Let me shine her up for you," pleaded Dan, eagerly. "I'll do it every day for you if you'll let me."

The doctor willingly consented, and Dan joyfully constituted himself the groom of the doctor's new steed. He had conceived a positive affection for the bicycle, and every day he polished it and rubbed it with tender care until it shone like new.

The doctor no longer wheeled it in and out of the village, but kept it in an unused room in a carriage factory, about a mile from his office, and in the evening, when he wanted it, Dan brought it in to him.

It was seldom, however, that he cared to start where he ran a risk of spectators; for, in spite of his practice, he had not yet gained the mastery over the "wobbling" propensities of the wheel.

One Saturday afternoon, after the hands in the carriage factory had quitted work early and gone home, Dan was busily engaged in his labor of love.

He had enjoyed a ride before he had begun his work, for he was quite an expert, considering the short time that had elapsed since he had first seen a bicycle.

"Would you let me try this some time?" he had asked once; and the doctor, mindful of his many obligations to Dan, had not had the heart to refuse.

He had supposed that one trial would completely discourage Dan, and as the boy had never mentioned the subject again, he never thought that he was persistently practising every available chance.

Dan was careful not to ride where any one would be apt to see him, and report him to the doctor, lest his precious privilege should be remanded; but, with a pertinacity peculiarly boyish, he had kept on trying every evening as soon as the hands had left the factory, despite his many tumbles.

It was not strange that he soon excelled the doctor, for boys learn things by a sort of intuition, and they disregard bruises in a way that older people cannot afford to do.

Dan was ecstatically happy when he was skimming up and down the smooth oyster-shell road, with the silent, gliding velocity that was the very poetry of motion; and only prudence overcame his longing to have a chance to exhibit his skill before an audience.

He whistled cheerily as he polished each spoke of the glittering wheel, and then his whistle died away as he became absorbed in rough mathematical calculations, in an endeavor to ascertain how many years it would take to buy a bicycle if he worked every day.

He heard the heavy tramp of approaching footsteps, and glancing through the shutters saw three rough-looking men approach the factory, and throw themselves down on the grass in the shade.

"Tramps, I s'pose" thought Dan. "I'll keep quiet, for they might molest the bicycle if they should get in here."

He kept on with his work without making any noise, and presently he began to listen to the conversation.

"He'll never take the work away from another man again," said one of them, with a rough oath.

"Just an hour from now the train will strike the

tunnel, and no one will ever know what happened, it will be wrecked in such a hurry."

"I won't be sorry for this day's work though, if I swing for it, for I said I'd have my revenge on the whole lot of them."

Dan listened with a beating heart, and from a few more remarks he gathered the whole story.

One of the men had been employed on the railway, and had been discharged for some offence. He was angry at the man who had taken his place, and to revenge himself he had planned to wreck a train.

Dan shuddered at the thought of the terrible loss of life caused by this man's malicious hatred.

They had evidently accomplished their purpose, and then fled to avoid possible detection.

Was there no way to defeat their plan? The tunnel was fifteen miles away, and the man had said that it lacked an hour only of train time.

Even if Dan could make his escape unnoticed by the men, he could not reach the village in time for any one to reach the tunnel before the train.

Something must be done; but what?

An idea came into his mind, and he fairly trembled with excitement.

Could he mount the bicycle and get there in time? He determined to try, though it was hazardous to his own safety trying to pass those desperate men.

Not a sound betrayed him, as, softly slipping back bolts and bars, he rolled the bicycle out. The men's faces were turned the other way, he discovered, as he peeped round the corner of the building.

That was well. He had the bicycle fairly on the road at last, and still no sound had been made.

As he vaulted into the saddle, the gravel crunched under his feet, and the men turned and saw him.

Before they could spring to their feet and bar his progress, he had flashed past them on the glittering wheel, a queer apparition, with a face that was ghastly pale under its freckles, wide-open, pale blue eyes, and long, lank legs and arms that did their duty well. Dan was not a coward, but he was emphatically "scared," as he confessed afterwards, for his only hope of saving the train lay in passing the men.

The bright wheel flashed like a ball of silver as it whirled along beneath his steady pressure, and although Dan did not exactly know what time he was making, he knew he was covering the ground rapidly, because trees and posts seemed to rush past him with such bewildering rapidity.

The conditions could not have been more favorable. A smooth road, as hard and even as a floor, no rough places where he would be in imminent danger of a "header," and no wind.

The magnificent machine skimmed over the road as if it was a sentient being, and knew that life depended upon its speed; and Dan's heart beat fast at the thought that, boy as he was, he was going to save that train with its living freight.

He began to be fearful at last that he would be too late, for the fifteen miles seemed to stretch themselves out interminably, and it seemed to him that nearly an hour must have elapsed already. Faster and faster he went, straining every nerve lest he should be too late.

Almost there at last—within a mile—but he heard the shrill whistle of an approaching train. Would he be just too late? The thought was agonizing, and the exhausted boy redoubled his efforts.

Just in time! He sprang from his bicycle, and, holding it with one hand, waved an old red handkerchief in the other.

The engineer saw it, and saw the white, terrified face. Just at the mouth of the tunnel the train was stopped, and in a few incoherent words Dan explained the danger.

A deadly explosive was found on the rails, and but for Dan it would have done its work only too fatally.

When the grateful passengers asked what they could do for the boy who had saved them, can you guess Dan's answer, while his freckled face grew radiant? A bicycle.

Not a sensible wish, perhaps; but he got it. He was soon the happy possessor of one of the finest bicycles ever made, that threw even the doctor's into the shade. He loves it dearly; but I think his best affection is given to the wheel upon which he won his race.

## THE FIN DE SIECLE SMITHY.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The bike repair shop stands,  
The owner—a wealthy man is he,  
Who hires forty hands;  
His shop is worth a hundred farms  
Of the choicest kinds of lands.



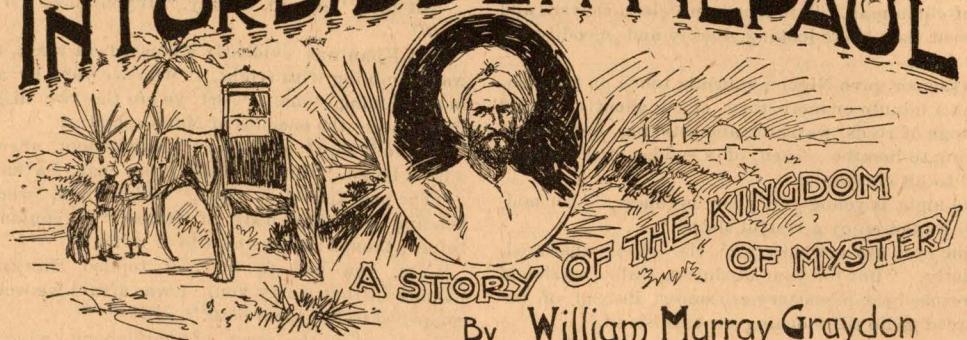
Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
His people work away,  
A score of wrecks are brought along  
To be mended every day;  
And he'll soon be rich enough to sit  
In the Senate—so they say.

He goes on Sunday to the church;  
The costliest pew is his.  
While others hear the preacher preach,  
He only thinks of "biz;"  
The organ's tones to him are just  
The careless scorcher's whiz.



Laughing, rejoicing, happy,  
Onward through life he goes;  
For every wheel that is repaired  
Two more will break, he knows.  
His homely daughter is in the swim,  
And has a dozen beaux.

# IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL



By William Murray Graydon

*Author of "A Legacy of Peril," etc., etc.*

("IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL" was commenced in No. 15. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers.)

## CHAPTER XXIX.

HIS HIGHNESS DOST KAHN.

**H**NOTHER fight for life or death; and so soon after the exhausting struggle with the subterranean river! It was enough to discourage the weary men, for they knew that the odds were in favor of the crocodiles. But they did not lose hope; hard and fiercely they toiled, driving the boat swiftly on ward, and feeling the water creeping higher above their feet. Steadily they approached the island, and steadily the leakage rose. At last Nigel threw down his paddle, and commenced to toss the water out with both hands.

"That's right—keep it up!" muttered Hawksmoor. "We'll win yet, old fellow!"

It was a hard fight, and for a time the issue was doubtful. In spite of Nigel's toil the water continued to gain, very slowly but perceptibly; doggedly as Hawksmoor paddled, he could not overcome the decreasing speed at which the heavy boat now moved. Nearer and nearer came the island, until it was only twenty feet distant. And just then the timbers of the rickety craft bulged suddenly apart, the water surged over the gunwales, and Nigel and Hawksmoor were struggling on the surface of the lake.

The boat was lost to them—it sank instantly—but they thought less of this misfortune than of the peril from the crocodiles and the big serpents. Side by side they struck out, swimming with frantic strokes across the narrow stretch of water that separated them from the haven of refuge. Soon they touched bottom, and waded the rest of the way through the shallows. And when they splashed breathlessly out on the shore, and turned to look back, they saw the scaly backs and snouts of two or three crocodiles cutting the water in the neighborhood of the sunken boat.

"We had a narrow shave of it," Hawksmoor said, coolly.

"Yes, I thought it was all up with us," Nigel assented, with a shudder. "But we're not much better off now, cast away on an island in mid-lake, and with no means of reaching the mainland! Its a toss up

whether the crocodiles or the priests finish us in the end."

Hawksmoor did not reply, he was sniffing the air curiously. "I smell smoke," he said. "There is a fire close by—I am sure of it!"

"Impossible!" muttered Nigel. "Who could be on the island? And yet I can smell burning wood myself!"

The island was apparently long and narrow, densely covered with rocks and jungle, and bordered on both sides by a strip of pebbly beach. The castaways had landed at the upper end—that facing toward the monastery—and close by them was a square-shaped boulder. Hawksmoor mounted to the top of this, took a brief look with his hands to his eyes, and then dropped lightly down.

"I was right," he said. "There is a fire at the extreme other end of the island. I can see the sparkle of it over the bushes."

"So much the worse for us!" Nigel muttered, despondently.

"So much the better, perhaps! I see a thin ray of hope ahead, Davenant. Come, we must discover what the fire means. Be careful how and where you step. All depends on silence."

They lingered a moment to squeeze the water from their dripping clothes, and then started down the right side of the island. They crept along in the moonlight, their soft sandals making not the slightest noise on the pebbles, and when they had advanced forty or fifty yards they saw the gleam of the fire and caught the faint murmur of voices. A few feet more, and they stopped behind a fringe of tall reeds, over the tops of which they saw a strange sight.

They were close to the lower end of the island—almost on the verge of the triangular little spit of sand and gravel that lay between the water and the jungle growth. A canoe-shaped boat, fitted with paddles and a rude sail, was drawn partly out of the lake. And on the strip of pebbly sand, with a small wood fire burning before them to ease the chill of the night air squatted two men.

The one was dressed in tunic and baggy trousers of fine white cloth, with scarlet kummerbund and turban. His haughty but cruel features, the curved sword and jewel-hilted pistol at his waist, proclaimed him as a

man of some distinction. His companion was a middle-aged little Goorkha soldier; a musket lay beside him, and he wore the uniform of the native army of Nepaul—long trousers, and a braided jacket over an antique shirt of chain mail. Both men were clean-shaven, and at present they were looking silently and moodily out on the lake.

Hawksmoor gave Nigel a warning touch on the arm, and for a minute or more they stood silently behind the fringe of reeds, watching and listening, and scarcely daring to breathe. Then, of a sudden, the Goorkha turned to his companion.

"The night is young yet, your highness," he said. "Shall we not enjoy a restful sleep?"

"Mine eyes are not heavy," the other answered, petulantly. "But for your tardiness, Hafiz, we should have reached the monastery ere sunset, instead of being forced to lie till morning on this island."

"Thy servant is not to blame, most noble Dost Khan," protested the Goorkha. "Truly it was hard to paddle against the tide of the Kalli river. We had better have made the journey by land."

"I was of that mind," muttered Dost Khan. "but the Prime Minister would have it the other way for his own reasons, and so we shall be a day late."

He drew from the folds of his kummerbund a sheet of parchment, opened it, and glanced at the writing that it contained.

"I like not the task," he added. "It will go hard with me if I fail to do the wishes of Matadeen Mir."

"Think you it will be difficult to persuade the mem sahib?" asked the Goorkha.

Dost Khan laughed grimly.

"I would rather be set to break the will of ten men than of one woman," he replied. "Had you a wife, Hafiz, you would the better understand—"

At that unlucky instant Nigel felt, or thought that he felt, the cold body of a snake rustle over his foot. The fright brought a gasping cry to his lips, and he gave such a start that the gravel crunched under him. And just as quickly the two Hindoos sprang up in alarm.

"At them!" Hawksmoor shouted. "Now is our chance!"

The words were barely uttered, when he leaped through the fringe of reeds with Nigel at his heels.

The assault was so swift and unexpected that it gave the Goorkha and Dost Khan no opportunity to use their weapons. The latter, in the act of drawing his sword, was seized by Hawksmoor. They grappled furiously and fell together.

Nigel darted past the combatants and struck up the musket which Hafiz was just aiming at him. Then began struggle for the weapon, both grasping it by the barrel. For several moments they shifted to and fro over the sand, glaring savagely at each other and panting hard for breath. At last the wiry little Goorkha slipped and fell backwards, and with a jerk Nigel got possession of the musket.

But Hafiz, cunning as a serpent, sprang to his feet and slipped out of reach. He drew a knife from his clothing, and with a bitter cry rushed at his enemy. There was no time to hesitate—no time to be merciful. Nigel swung the musket high and aimed a hard and sure blow. The heavy stock of the weapon crashed down on the Goorkha's head; he threw up his arms and fell like a log.

Dost Khan and Hawksmoor were still struggling on the edge of the jungle, and Nigel went at once to his

companion's assistance. Between the two the Hindoo was quickly subdued, and offered no further resistance to his captors. Hawksmoor took his pistol and sword, and then released him.

"Sit still," he said, sternly. "If you move I'll shoot you."

Dost Khan was evidently a coward at heart, for he was trembling with fright. "Who are ye?" he asked, in a whining tone. "Ah! ye are the two disguised Feringhees—the enemies of Matadeen Mir!"

"Have it so, if you like," Hawksmoor answered, with a laugh. "How about the other chap, Davenant?"

"The poor fellow is dead," said Nigel, who was bending over the body of Hafiz. "It couldn't be helped, though; it was his life or mine."

"Yes, you had to do it," replied Hawksmoor. "Don't let that worry you. I was afraid we would be compelled to kill them both."

He picked up the sheet of parchment, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, and ran his eye over it.

"Jove, we're in luck to-night!" he added. "This is a letter from Matadeen Mir to the high priest, demanding for his emissary, Dost Khan, an interview with Miss Brabazon. And there is something about a ring—a sort of a sign to back up the letter. Where is the bauble, Dost Khan, if that's your name?"

The Hindoo took from his finger a gold seal-ring with a curiously-carved stone set in it, and handed it to Hawksmoor.

"I have done you no harm, sahib" he whined. "I crave that you spare my life."

"I will do so," replied Hawksmoor, "on condition that you answer truthfully the questions I put to you. To begin, where is Matadeen Mir now?"

"At Katmandu, sahib, whence he returned yesterday from Yoga."

"Is he recovered of his wound, then?"

"No, it gives him great pain and disfigurement."

"Serves him jolly right!" muttered Hawksmoor in English. "And now what brought you here? I want the whole story."

"As you are aware by the letter, sahib," Dost Khan replied, "I and my companion were sent by Matadeen Mir to have audience with the mem sahib, who is a prisoner in the monastery. We came by boat, leaving Katmandu at dawn this morning, and the sunset overtaking us, we had to stop here for the night."

"Why?"

"Because those who guard the water-gate to the monastery leave their post at sunset; between then and sunrise the gate may not be opened to visitors."

"Ah, I see. And what were you to say to the mem sahib?"

"I was to urge her consent to an immediat marriage with Matadeen Mir."

"I thought so. And by what threat or argument? Come, conceal nothing if you value your life."

"I was to tell the mem sahib," replied Dost Khan, "that her father was a prisoner, and that his head would be struck off unless she consented to marry the Prime Minister."

"And is Brabazon Sahib a prisoner?"

"No; he is safe at the Residency."

"I thought it was a lie," muttered Hawksmoor. "Are you known to any of the priests in the monastery?"

"Only by name—they have never seen my face."

"And you have never been there?"

"No, sahib."

"Tell me how one enters the water-gate."

"Sahib, you are mad to think of—"

"Tell me at once!" Hawksmoor interrupted, sharply. "What were your instructions?"

"To shout for the guards," the Hindoo replied, sullenly, "and then give them the letter."

"That sounds easy enough," said Hawksmoor, half to himself. "Is all that you have told me true? Swear it."

"It is true, sahib; I swear by the head of Mahadera!"

Hawksmoor had been watching the Hindoo's face intently, and he was satisfied that there was no reason to suspect deceit or treachery.

"I will keep my promise, Dost Khan," he said. "Your life is safe at my hands, but you must remain on the island for a time. If matters turn out as I hope they will your friends will find you in a day or two. But it is necessary that you should be bound and gagged."

"Don't leave me here helpless," the captive pleaded, abjectly. "I shall starve to death, sahib."

"I have no choice in the matter," said Hawksmoor. "You must take your chances. It is the devil's own work that you are doing for Matadeen Mir." Turning to Nigel, he added: "Unstrip, Davenant, and exchange clothes with Dost Khan. They will fit you, but not me; I have no choice but to put on the Goorkha's uniform."

"What do you mean?" Nigel demanded, in startled tones, an inkling of the truth flashing tardily upon him. "You surely don't intend to—"

"Yes, that's it, old fellow," broke in Hawksmoor. "It's a Heaven-sent opportunity. You and I will play the parts of Dost Khan and Hafiz. We will present the letter and the ring, enter the monastery, and have an audience with Miss Brabazon."

"Hawksmoor, you are the most daring and reckless man that ever lived," Nigel cried, hoarsely. "This seems madness to me. Do you think that we can possibly carry it through? And what good result can come from an interview with Muriel?"

"Everything, if we play our cards well," was the reply. "Matadeen Mir's letter explains nothing. It gives us a comparatively free hand. What will happen, do you suppose, if we tell the priests that Matadeen Mir has just returned to Yoga during the night, that he is waiting there to have an interview with the girl, and that she is willing to accompany us there?"

"They won't let her go!" muttered Nigel.

"They will consent at once—they can't do otherwise," declared Hawksmoor. "Don't you agree with me, Dost Khan?"

But Dost Kahn answered nothing. His dark eyes full of mingled hatred and terror, looked furtively at the two Englishmen.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### BACK TO THE MONASTERY.

It was morning again, and the sun was just peeping over the mountain ramparts upon the Lake of Dacca, mingling dabs of ruddy gold with the wonderful purple hue of the water, islands and encircling shores. Early as was the hour, strange voyagers were astir. A boat with a square sail hoisted to the breeze, its rearward track marked by a dancing line of curdled

foam, was driving slowly towards the grim gateway to Durgadeva's monastery.

Two men were in the boat, and it is doubtful if even the astute Ali Mirza could now have identified them as Nigel Davenant and Travers Hawksmoor, so great a change had been wrought by their present disguise. Nigel sat forward of the sail, his eyes fixed steadily on the black mouth of the subterranean river; he was attired from head to foot in Dost Khan's rich clothing, and was armed with the curved sword and the jewelled pistol; even his features had something of the Hindoo's fierce and haughty look. Hawksmoor crouched in the stern, dipping his paddle now and then as the shifting of the clumsy sail made a change of course necessary. The uniform of the dead Hafiz fitted him perfectly, and he was almost the counterpart of the little Goorkha.

After the victorious fight on the island the night had passed tranquilly with the Englishmen. They first exchanged clothing with the Hindoos, tied and gagged Dost Khan, and then made a hearty meal off the food that they found in the boat. A lengthy discussion followed. On consideration; his companion's plan had seemed less audacious and more promising to Nigel, and he eagerly agreed to the undertaking. Hawksmoor explained to him what he hoped to accomplish, and gave him careful instructions how to play his part—which was by far the more important of the two.

All details satisfactorily arranged, the men put out the fire and brought some skin rugs from the boat. They wrapped themselves in these, giving one to Dost Khan and slept soundly on the sandy beach until the grey light of dawn broke. Now, after a hearty breakfast, that had put fresh life into them, the adventurers were speeding back to the lion's jaw's—back to try if they could outmatch the fanatical priests of Durgadeva by nerve and craft.

The goal was close ahead—the island nearly a mile in the rear. The body of Hafiz had been dragged deep into the jungle growth, and nearer to the water the luckless Dost Khan lay in a little hollow surrounded by tall grass, his wrists and ankles tightly bound, and a wad of cloth stuffed between his teeth. Harsh treatment, perhaps, but it was the most merciful course possible. His captors knew that before the day was over the question of their success or failure would be answered definitely, and that, in either event, a speedy search would be made on the lake for the missing Hindoos; and the traces of recent occupation, plainly visible on the point of the island, would lead to Dost Khan's rescue. That he might be discovered within a shorter period of time was too remote and improbable a contingency to cause the Englishmen uneasiness.

"Jove, we are nearly there now!" said Hawksmoor, as he leisurely dipped his paddle into the purple waters. "How do you feel about it, Davenant?"

"Keen and fit," replied Nigel.

"And you remember all your instructions?"

"Yes; every one. It's queer how things have shifted about, Hawksmoor. Last night we were crushed and hopeless, glad to escape with our lives from the monastery, and with Muriel's rescue depending on the slim chance of our reaching Katmandu and revealing the truth to the British Resident. And now we are going back defiantly—back to play as daring and desperate a game as ever man took a hand in. Heaven help us to win! God grant that we may save Muriel Brabazon from a fate worse than death!"

Nigel's voice choked with emotion, and his com-

panion shot a quick and furtive glance at him beneath the fluttering sail.

"The stake is worth the risk," Hawksmoor said, almost coldly. "Before the sun goes down, Matadeen Mir will have lost or won his bride, for if we fail to save the girl he will force her to marry him."

"Never!" Nigel cried, hoarsely. "Muriel has to much spirit—!"

"Watch sharp, Davenant!" Hawksmoor interrupted. "Don't you see where we are? Your face will betray you unless you do better with the part of Dost Khan."

The rebuke was not unmerited, for Nigel's feelings had broken through his mask of haughty disdain, and keen eyes might easily have been watching him from the battlemented red wall of the monastery. The boat was now gliding, with belying sail, between the two contracting cliffs that towered thousands of feet high. No more than twenty yards ahead yawned the iron gate, every bar standing out in sunlit relief against the blackness of the subterranean river that lay beyond it. The place was as weird and impressive by day as by night.

As yet there was no sign or sound of human life. Hawksmoor took down and furled the sail, then dipped his paddle with gentle strokes. The boat glided beneath the jutting shelf of rock overhead, and as it bumped lightly against the gate Nigel stood up and caught hold of one of the bars. Hawksmoor put a hand to his mouth, and shouted—a loud, imperative shout, that rolled in hollow echoes far through the dark gorge of the river.

For nearly a minute there was no response. Then a grating noise was heard, and high up on the right hand wall, just within the gate, a square of yellow light appeared. A head and shoulders leaned blackly forth and a harsh voice demanded:

"Strangers, what brings ye to the monastery of Durgadeva?"

"I am Dost Khan, a man of authority," Nigel replied in the native tongue. "I come hither in the services of His Highness Matadeen Mir, the Prime Minister of Nepal. I have journeyed from Katmandu, and my errand is with the high priest Vashu."

"Empty words will not gain ye admission," came the voice from above.

"I bring a letter and a ring," Nigel answered, "as token of my office and good faith."

"It is well, Dost Khan. Wait in patience!" With that the speaker vanished, and the opening in the wall was drawn suddenly shut.

Nigel let the boat drift back a few feet, and Hawksmoor held it stationary by occasional strokes of the paddle. For ten minutes or more they waited, talking in low tones. Then, with a creaking noise, and with nothing to show the motive power, the gate suddenly began to move across the channel. On it went, rattling into a crevice of the wall on the left, and when all but a yard or two had vanished the controlling mechanism stopped. An instant later, a short distance within, a torch flashed from the right-hand wall of the river, and a voice rang sharply.

With a glance of warning at his companion Hawksmoor drove the boat through the gateway, and so to the spot whence the voice had come. Here was a slimy flight of steps leading up from the water, and at the bottom of them stood two swarthy natives in the green and white attire of the priests of the first degree. The younger one held a torch in one hand, and with the other he seized the prow of the boat. His companion was older and more dignified, and to him Nigel gave both the letter and the seal-ring. He glanced at them briefly.

"They shall be despatched to the high priest," he

said, "and until word come from him ye are in my charge. So I bid ye follow!"

With that he led the way up the steps to a narrow ledge that vanished in the darkness along the bank of the river, with a wall of rock rising high on the one side and a low parapet on the other—just such a place as Bhagwan Das had told of. By a secret spring, or some other most ingenious contrivance, the priest suddenly shot open a stone door in the wall. He motioned the Englishmen to enter, and when they were over the threshold the door as suddenly and mysteriously closed shut.

Nigel and Hawksmoor found themselves in a small square apartment, cut out of solid rock, and as cold and bare as a dungeon. They sat down on a stone bench—the sole piece of furniture—under a torch that flared from a niche in the wall. And faintly, as though at a great distance, they heard the muffled rattle of the iron gate as it was drawn shut.

"That cuts us off from the outer world," said Nigel. "It's like being in a tomb."

"We had better not hold any conversation," whispered Hawksmoor, edging as far as possible from his companion. "I don't quite fancy the look of things. This is an uncanny sort of place, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if ears were listening at some hole or crevice we can't see."

They were kept waiting far longer than they had expected. The minutes dragged by until they grew to an hour, and still the silence was unbroken—not a sound penetrated the thick walls. So they sat patiently, speaking but an occasional word, and two hours in all must have passed when finally the door opened without warning, revealing the majestic figure of the elderly priest; there was flashing and glowing of torches behind him.

Nigel rose to his feet, feigning great indignation.

"What is the will of the high priest?" he asked sharply, as Hawksmoor had just bidden him do. "If he desires not to receive us, we will bear that word back to Matadeen Mir."

"Those who come here, be they of high or low caste, are served even as you have been served, O Dost Khan," the priest answered, curtly. "Indeed, ye are fortunate, for there are days when Vashu may not be approached. But the letter and the ring have been given to him, and he now awaits your coming."

"Lead us to him," said Nigel; and he and Hawksmoor followed the priest out to the ledge. To their surprise a large flat-boat was moored at the foot of the steps. It was made luxurious by soft cushions ornamented with gold and ivory, and at bow and stern torches flared from upright rods of carved brass. It had six rowers—two on a seat—fierce-looking men in red tunics and trousers, with kummerbunds and turbans of white.

The disguised Englishmen haughtily descended the steps and seated themselves in the stern of the boat. Without delay the six rowers dipped their oars, and the long craft sped swiftly up stream, the torches flashing on the inky water and the slimy embankments. When Nigel looked back the iron gate was growing dim in the distance.

"All is well so far," he whispered in his companion's ear. "I suppose Vashu sent this boat down for us?"

"Yes," replied Hawksmoor, "and the men in it are priests of the second degree. Bhagwan Das said they wore red and white. We are going to see some strange and wonderful things, Davenant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## FOILING A TRAITOR.

BY E. A. CARR.



IND the way, in faith! Do you ask me that, most noble captain? Why, I could find it backwards and blindfold, in the heart of a snowstorm! Scores of times in the bad weather have I driven my sheep along it, to take shelter in the very hollow where the Evzonai (mountaineer soldiers) rest to-night, till I know every turn and twist of the track as a lizard knows its nook. Now the Greeks shall be the sheep, and thou shalt be master butcher in the killing!"

The speaker laughed—a harsh and cruel laughter, devoid of mirth.

"Hush, you fool!" muttered another voice angrily. "What was that rustling that I heard among the straw in the stall yonder? I will see what it is. Take care that you play no tricks with me, Sir Traitor!"

"Have no uneasiness, captain," said the first voice again; " 'Tis but the calf that has lost its mother two days since and is restless still. Not a soul is in the house but ourselves and my little herd, and him I have safely fastened in the loft where he sleeps above the sheep-stall."

"Well for him!" rejoined the other, grimly; "and ill for you if you play doubly false! But lead us undetected within short range of this nest of sleeping vipers, and you shall be well paid."

"On the honor of a Turk?" broke in his companion, with a jeering chuckle. "I will guide your troops to a spot where, if they will, they may pour in a volley among the Evzonai as they lie—for these look not for the foe to creep down upon them in their rear, where the rugged heights are deemed impassable. But for me it is a venture; I am a Greek, and ere I risk my neck and betray my countrymen I must have money—no promises, but money in my pouch, captain!"

There was some further muttered talk and the chink, chink of money; then the door was opened and shut, footsteps sounded across the yard and died away. Within the stable all was silent.

At last there was a rustling in the straw beside the sleeping motherless calf. In the darkness a boy's head emerged from under the litter; his eyes were wide and staring with fright, his teeth were hard set to stop their chattering.

Very slowly, halting at every movement to listen for the return of the speakers, the boy gained his feet and stole to the door, then halted, unable to decide what course to pursue. He was Alexis Skopelos, the sheep-herd of whom his master had spoken to the Turkish captain.

Little had he thought an hour before, when he swung himself down from his sleeping-place in the loft to comfort his only playfellow, the hapless calf, what an adventure was to follow. He had just fed the poor little creature, when approaching footsteps had made him hide under the loose straw in its stall, where he had overheard the shameful plot for the betrayal of the Greek regiment.

Alexis understood it all too well. Throughout the two years he had served on the lonely frontier hill-farm, there had been vague talk of war and vague fears lest the torrent of Infidel troops might come pouring across that invisible frontier line that divided the mountains into Turkish and Greek territory. And at last it had come. For two days past the air had been heavy with distant cannonading, and that very morning the lad had seen a regiment of the gallant Evzonai troops retreating to their fastness among the hills.

"And now Maratho has betrayed them, scoundrel that he is!" said the lad to himself. "I must save them—but how is it possible? I could not find the

track in this darkness, and if I did the Turks would catch me and murder me."

For an instant the temptation came to climb back into the loft and leave the troopers to their fate. But he put it aside.

"No, I must try to find the path before the others reach it," he muttered as he set off through the night gloom.

A scramble among the boulders behind the farm, a run across the rough upland, then a groping clamber down the valley beyond and up the further slope. And now the real difficulty began. Somewhere on the crest an overhanging rock left a low passage, through which it was necessary to creep with bent head and so reach the ravine in which the trail started.

Up and down, back and forth—tripping, stumbling, and striking against unseen obstacles—with hands ever busy in their blind quest for the rock portal, the brave boy wandered in vain, until at last, with bruised and bleeding limbs, he crouched down in a corner and sobbed in exhaustion and despair.

Suddenly he stopped. Across the valley came the faint scuffing of soft shoes on rocks, with occasional rattles of falling stones.

"The Turks!" he cried to himself in his terror. He would have fled, but that was impossible; in the darkness, and hemmed in by monstrous boulders, he could not have gone a dozen yards without betraying his presence—and that would mean a long Turkish knife across his throat.

So, parched and heart sick with fear, he waited. The sounds came nearer and nearer, directly to his hiding place. At length, when within arm's reach of him, the foremost of the invisible company turned and whispered in Greek to his immediate follower:

"Bid your men stoop low and follow close."

Alexis knew that voice. Had he held any weapon in his hand he would have sprung at the figure he could just see before him outlined against the night sky, and have struck one blow for Greece though it had cost him his life. But he was powerless, and the traitor passed unscathed; his time was not yet. The boy saw Maratho's figure stoop and then vanish in the dense shadow of a rock fronting him. He could have cried, had he dared, to think how near he had been to discovering the entry to the track.

But regrets were useless now. Alexis could only cower down, scarce daring to breath, whilst in single file figure after figure emerged from the night, showed in silhouette against the sky, and vanished in the gloom again.

One of them, stepping a little aside, kicked against little Skopelos' boot, and muttered something in his outlandish tongue—doubtless a curse—in anger at the supposed stone. His comrade, following close behind, set his heavy shoe on the boy's fingers, nearly crushing them, although the sole was of soft leather.

Alexis bit his lip through to stifle the shriek that almost gained utterance. He just succeeded; and the profound gloom that lay upon his rock-angle sheltered him and unquestionably saved his life.

At last, after a seemingly infinite length of time, the terrible procession ended. How many men had passed through the rocky arch the terrified little watcher could not guess; but when the sound of the last straggler's feet had died away, he rose with new courage, forgetful of his many pains and perils, mindful only of a sudden happy inspiration that possessed him.

"They shall be warned!" he said aloud, and started doggedly back to the farm.

The building stood on the face of a high barren eminence that fronted the famed Melouna Pass. Half a league away to the west lay Akitsia, the mountain spur on which the regiment of Evzonai had taken shelter from the Turkish batteries. Between these two points the high ground stretched in a receding crescent, so that each was visible from the other.

Hurrying into the sheep-hut, the young herd flung wide its gate, and drove out its bleating, bewildering inmates. With tinder and steel he struck a light; a dry pine-branch served for a torch; and soon from half-a-dozen points about the walls of the hut, the fierce flames were leaping aloft, crackling and spluttering merrily as they fed on the dry timber and thatch.

The sentinels at Akitsia saw the beacon light, and judging that none save Turks would fire a Greek building they gave a prompt alarm.

In a few minutes the sleeping camp was on the alert. Sentries were doubled and pushed further out on all sides, and pickets were posted for their support. The attacking band, ere they reached the crest of Akitsia, saw the glare of the flames lighting up the eastern sky, and knew they were betrayed.

"'Tis the guide has played us false!" cried their leader, and from throat after throat the murmur went up: "The guide! Kill the guide!"

But where was the guide? He had vanished like a ghost, and the challenging fire of the Greek sentries made the invaders too anxious for their own safety to care further about him. Indeed, they were in a perilous plight. Ignorant of the road back or forth, without a guide, and far from any supports, they stood amazed until the bullets of their petticoated foes began to whistle about them.

"Take to cover, men, and fight every inch of ground!" cried the Turkish captain, boldly leaping on a rock that his followers might hear and see him. Next moment he pitched headlong amongst them, a bullet through his brain.

And now in the growing dawn a terrible conflict was waged. The Turks, leaderless and betrayed, fought with the unshaken firmness of their fighting race. From behind rock and mound and tree they gallantly sustained the unequal strife. There was no yielding, no falling back, for there was no road open for retreat; where they took cover, there they held their ground or died.

But the Evzonai, the gallant kilted mountaineers, the pick and pride of the Greek army, were no less heroic than they, and had the advantages of better cover and higher ground. So in a deadlock of grappling courage the struggle went on—a veritable Battle of the Giants.

And how fared it with Maratho meanwhile?

That wily traitor, seeing the light of a beacon in the sky and rightly divining that his treachery was discovered and that he would be suspected of double falsity by the Turks, had drawn ahead of the troop, and under cover of the darkness slipped down the grey

hillside and was safely hidden in a cavern ere he was missed.

As for Alexis, when once the sheep-hut was well alight he began to repent of his boldness.

"When Maratho comes home again he will kill me for this!" he thought, ruefully. At last he resolved to run away and join the men he had warned of danger. There was but one way to their camp—the track by which the Turks had been led; but as all firing had now ceased, Alexis concluded that the affray was ended.

He had not long passed the overhanging rock, however, when he began to hear shouts and groans and the ring of clashing steel. The Turkish ammunition being exhausted, the desperate fellows were forcing the fighting hand-to-hand with the bayonet.

Soon the boy stopped aghast, for there in his path lay the body of the Turkish captain, with a bluish wound above the brow. It was the first dead man Alexis had ever seen. Alas! he saw many afterwards in the disastrous fights that ended at Domoko, and it had a horrible fascination for him.

Even as he gazed a clatter of steel made him glance aside to see a foaming, crazy looking Turk rushing at him with fixed bayonet. Unarmed and defenceless, the lad could only take to his heels, and in half a dozen strides ran almost into the arms of a Greek soldier.

The latter, his rifle at the "present," shouted to the pursuing Turk to surrender. Whether he understood or not, the fanatic paid no heed, but with his bayonet lowered for the thrust ran straight upon the Greek. It was the heroism of madness. There was a report, and the Turk pitched forward and rolled over at the feet of his foe.

In a few moments all was ended. The few invaders who would consent to surrender were marched back to camp; the bodies of others strewed that fatal slope, with many a white-kilted foe beside them to show how bravely they had fought and died.

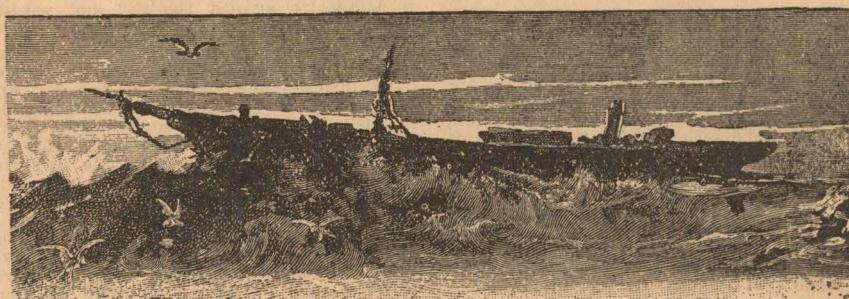
Alexis, seeing an excited crowd in one corner of the camp, went up to it. In the centre, his arms bound behind him, stood the vile Maratho. In clearing the hillside of Turks the Evzonai had found him concealed, and seized upon him as a probable traitor. Two officers were even now listening coldly to his torrents of explanations and entreaties, whilst half a dozen privates kept their furious comrades from the captive.

"Well, does anyone here know the fellow?" said the younger officer at last to the crowd; and his glance happened to rest on young Skopelos.

At that moment the traitor's eyes met his herd's with such a hunted, terror-crazed, appealing look that Alexis hesitated with the words of accusation on his lips.

"If no one knows him, he must go!" the lieutenant said reluctantly. Still Alexis paused in doubt.

Then across the boy's mind there flashed the words of One who taught forgiveness of enemies, and he turned silently away.





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## CHAPTER XV.

### TOM’S NEW ALLY.



TURNING confidence for confidence, Tom without going into unnecessary detail, explained to Straight Arrow what had sent him into the wilds with his companion, from whom he had been but that morning separated.

Something like a smile of intelligence was visible on the young Indian’s face. Certain phases of human nature are akin in every age and nationality, and Straight Arrow (whose real name was Carl), had enough white blood in his veins to enable him to understand that something more than a mere friendship for John Bruton had sent this broad-shouldered young fellow such a distance in the wilderness.

“White girl pretty. I see her one two week’ go,” he said, eyeing Tom shrewdly.

“You! Where, Straight Arrow?” was the eager response.

“Blueskin camp side us one night at forks Bad River. He on way pass in mountains. Got camp dere. Carry girl. Then he sen’ word to her fader s’pose give Blueskin big moneys, girl come back all right.”

“But don’t you think Bruton and the cowboys can overtake him, or find the camp in the Pass?”

Straight Arrow shook his head energetically.

“No can do noting. No stores, hosses tire out long ‘fore get to foot hills. No good try.”

A wild, almost fantastic thought suddenly flashed through Tom’s veins. With the help of the young Indian could not strategy accomplish what brute force might fail to do?

He glanced cautiously about him. The five other Indians were grouped around the fire smoking.

“Straight Arrow,” Tom whispered, coming at once to the point, “how would you like to have five hundred dollars—all your own?”

Now to the intelligent, half civilized Indian, money means precisely what it does to his still better informed white brother. Only whereas the sum named would seem comparatively trifling to the latter, to the former it would be a small fortune. It would mean a Winchester, a herd of ponies, a snug log cabin on the

reservation—and not unlikely the prettiest girl of the tribe for a wife.

Such possibly were the visions fitting through the halfbreed’s mind at the mention of the sum.

“Like good to have; but s’pose no can get, how can have?”

“Help me get Dolly away from Blueskin and I’ll give you that—yes, and fifty dollars more,” was the excited response.

If Straight Arrow was surprised, he did not let it be seen. Accustomed from boyhood to hear of the daring deeds of his own people, as well as those of the sturdy plainsmen, the proposed undertaking did not seem such a desperate one by any means.

“You mean dead earnest?”

“Yes.”

The Indian hesitated.

“I think um over. You stay—these Injun not hurt you—only steal. Bimeby soon I tell you.” And nodding gravely, Straight Arrow walked away.

Stay! Well, Tom had no other resource, unless indeed the Sioux drove him away or left him to his fate. But neither of these two last named contingencies occurred.

With the exception of keeping a sharp lookout upon Tom’s equipments which they had appropriated, his captors appeared perfectly indifferent as to his movements. He slept under the same blanket with Straight Arrow, shared their food, and rode his own bronco. The leader of the party, who rejoiced in the title of The-Dog-That-Bites, had once referred to Tom’s persistent following:

“S’pose you go to Injun camp—mebbe bad Injun kill white fellow.”

“Maybe white fellow kill bad Injun,” returned Tom, smartly—a retort which brought a perfect chorus of “hughs” from the others.

“Anyway,” Tom went on, encouraged by a side glance from Straight Arrow, “I’m going to camp with you. I don’t mean to starve to death here among the mountains, and don’t you forget it.”

As the Sioux had no intention of taking Tom’s life, owing to their wholesome fear of the white man’s retributive justice, there was no other way out of it, except to let him go. And so for three successive days

the party kept their journey toward the Virgin Range, among the hidden fastnesses of whose principal pass was Blueskin's camp.

All this time Straight Arrow had said nothing as to his decision. Nor did he allude to it till on the fourth day after Tom's capture the little collection of "wickups" and tepees forming the summer camp of nearly two hundred reservation Sioux came in sight on the bank of the Virgin River. Then he spoke:

"I do what you want. Talk first with Wainee."

"Wainee? Who's he?"

"Wainee not he—her she," returned Straight Arrow, getting slightly mixed in his grammar. And for an Indian he looked decidedly embarrassed, whereat Tom laughed, having an inkling of the truth.

The encampment, as seen at a little distance, was one of picturesque interest. The tepees, with conical tops, stained in brilliant yellows and reds, stood out with fine effect against the background of willow and cottonwood that bordered the swiftly rushing river in the rear. In the middle of the encampment was the chief's lodge—a more pretentious structure than those around it, and, as Straight Arrow informed Tom, it was here that Wainee dwelt with her father—the chief of this outlying branch of the Sioux tribe.

Indian ponies cropped the rich herbage on the outskirts. Noisy Indian boys were shooting at marks and pitching quoits. Indian braves lay stretched at indolent ease in the shade on buffalo robes, while their patient squaws brought water from the river and wood from the nearest timber.

The arrival of the party created no particular sensation. A few boys gathered about the dismounted riders, casting furtive glances in the direction of Tom, who was rather at a loss as to his further movements. His rifle and revolver were handed round for examination—while The-Dog-That-Bites made some brief explanation regarding the unlooked-for appearance at the camp of Tom himself.

Straight Arrow had a lodge all by himself, on the very verge of the river bank. It was built very ingeniously from bent poles covered with the dressed skins of deer and wapiti. And no surprise was exhibited when the young half breed, who seemed a general favorite, took Tom with him to this primitive abode.

A wash in the river and a hearty meal of venison broiled over the coals were the first things in order. And then, thoroughly exhausted, Tom stretched himself on pile of skins, and slept till long after sunset.

When he awoke, Straight Arrow was sitting beside him, and before Tom could speak the young Indian said:

"It all right. I talk with Wainee. She told how we do."

"Do what?" asked Tom, who was not quite thoroughly awake. Indeed he was trying to remember how he came to be sleeping on a pile of dressed deer hides instead of the green sward, with the interior of an Indian lodge meeting his waking gaze in place of the blue of the overreaching sky.

"Get white girl Dolly 'way from Blueskin. You forget?"

No, Tom hadn't forgotten, by any means. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes vigorously as he listened to the young Indian's further explanation.

"But, Straight Arrow, we never could carry out such a—a wild scheme," exclaimed Tom, staring at the half breed after the latter had unfolded his plan.

"Oh, 'spose you 'fraid—that dif'rent." And Straight Arrow shrugged his shoulders very expressively.

"Afraid!" repeated Tom, with something like indignation—"afraid! Well, I guess not!"

"Then all right. Morrow day, we get ready. Wainee say so."

"Who is Wainee—your sister?" mischievously asked Tom.

"No. Wainee chief's daughter. Her father Man-Not-'Fraid-in-the-Dark. Her mother Navajo woman. I not stay 'mong Sioux here—too much steal—only for Wainee. 'Spose I get five hundred dollar, her father say he give me Wainee for wife. See?"

Tom saw this very plainly, also that Wainee's woman's wit had been sharpened by the pecuniary prospect. Though what she proposed was so seemingly difficult, not to say dangerous, that Tom had serious doubts as to the possibility of carrying out even the

first part of the plan, and anxiously enough he waited the coming of the morning, when he should meet Wainee face to face.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### TOM'S UNDERTAKING.

"Well—you are a hard-looking subject, Tom!"

The unflattering remark was uttered by Tom, as he quizzically regarded the reflection of his sunburned visage and travel-strained apparel in the river preparatory to a morning wash.

And he was not far from the truth. His face was burned to the color of brick dust—his hair fell rough and unkempt about his shoulders. His deerskin hunting shirt and leggings were frayed and patched in places, while the stout canvas and leather shoes he had substituted for riding boots were full of holes.

"Nice appearance I shall make being introduced to Wainee!" was his disconsolate thought, as an hour later he was escorted by the young halfbreed to the lodge in the middle of the encampment.

Wainee, who was a pretty olive-featured girl with dark liquid eyes, sat in front of the lodge, weaving a gayly colored blanket in a loom of primitive construction. Nodding pleasantly at Straight Arrow and his companion, Wainee laid down the shuttle with which she was working the long fillets of wool into the warp and woof of her blanket. Then she addressed the young halfbreed in their own tongue—her inquiring glance at Tom indicating its import.

Straight Arrow replied at some length, and his answer seemed to give perfect satisfaction.

Wainee rose, shaking out her neatly embroidered skirt of soft buckskin as naturally as a city belle might do. Then she beckoned the two to follow her into the lodge.

The Man-Not-Afraid-In-The-Dark was absent on a hunting trip. An old crone, wearing a blanket over her bent shoulders, sat at one side with what is called a "medicine bag" in her lap. This was Wainee's grandmother—a woman famed for her skill as a drestress and supposed powers of sorcery, fortune-telling and other similar accomplishments.

Obedient to a sign from pretty Wainee, whose dark eyes danced with mischief, Tom seated himself cross-legged before the old woman, who, mumbling something between her toothless jaws, began operations.

From a corked gourd, which had formed part of the contents of the medicine bag, she poured some colorless liquid on a soft wad of Spanish moss. This she applied liberally to Tom's face, neck and shoulders, as well as to his hands and arms as high up as the elbows.

While this was drying, his hair, which was quite as long as that of the average Indian, came in for its share of attention. As an Indian with brown locks would be a decided anomaly, Tom's were stained to jetty blackness with some preparation of which the Indian woman alone knew the secret.

"But how am I ever going to get it off?" was Tom's rueful interrogation as he glanced at his hands and wrists, that were turning the true copperish tint of the redskin.

Straight Arrow repeated the question in his own tongue. The old woman replied briefly.

"Water an' nothing else no good. But plenty soap-weed wash Tom white—hair, everything." This was a comforting assurance, and Tom, knowing that the soapweed abounded in Arizona and New Mexico, became more reconciled to his fate.

A vigorous fanning for drying purposes followed. But this was not all. Behind a partition of skins Tom exchanged his cowboy attire for the full dress of a young buck of the Sioux tribe. Over deerskin leggings was drawn the skirt of similar material—both being dressed by some peculiar process to the softness of chamois or "wash leather," as we term it. A pair of moccasins, similar to those worn by Straight Arrow, were added. Then Tom rather sheepishly came out from behind the screen.

With a merry laugh Wainee, who had been awaiting his coming, extended a small handglass.

No wonder that as he glanced into it, Tom started back with an exclamation. His metamorphosis was something startling. The high cheek bones of the Indian alone were wanting. Otherwise he had been transformed into an admirable imitation of a young Sioux,

who might indeed have passed as a brother of Straight Arrow.

"But," said Tom, "I don't know a word of your language—what am I going to do about that?"

Straight Arrow laughed a little.

"Wainee make all right. She say you do—so." And the halfbreed touched his finger tip first to his lips and then to his ears, at the same time shaking his head.

In his imperfect English he explained that, as in the case of an idiot or an insane person, a deaf mute among the Indians was treated with great respect as being directly afflicted by the Great Spirit.

It would seem that the news of what was being done had been pretty generally spread throughout the encampment. For when a little later Tom emerged from the lodge, accompanied by Straight Arrow, it was to find himself the center of what was literally an admiring crowd.

It was plain from the approving nods and brief exclamations that while as an ordinary white Tom had been regarded with comparative indifference, as a young buck Sioux he was an unqualified success. Men patted him on the shoulder—women and young girls looked their approval. It was embarrassing, but one of the unavoidable penalties of his new situation.

Everything seemed to have been provided for, thanks to Wainee's forethought. Twenty dollars from the money belt containing Tom's worldly wealth sufficed to redeem his horse and accoutrements from the Indian to whose share they had fallen in the division of spoils. But to Tom's regret, his rifle, revolver, and the other articles taken from him were not to be bought back.

"No can have um," was the stolid reply to all his offers. So Tom was fain to content himself with a short breech-loading carbine of the old Sharpe patent, which, with a well filled cartridge belt and stout butcher knife in a sheath, was supplied him by Straight Arrow himself.

Almost the entire population turned out on the following morning to see them off. For gossip is as prevalent in an Indian encampment as in a down East village. Every one knew where they were going and all about it, and that if Straight Arrow earned his five hundred dollars, The Man-Not-Afraid-In-The-Dark would consent that Wainee should leave his lodge to become the young halfbreed's wife. So quite a general interest was manifested in the undertaking.

Wainee accompanied them on her pony a few miles outside the encampment. And when she whispered her good-by to Straight Arrow in the Indian tongue, her dark eyes were full of tears.

And now began a journey upon which Tom looks back with a sort of wonder at his own powers of endurance. The rarified air of the higher land cracked his skin and parched his lips—the strong sun glare half blinded him.

Sometimes the way led over sloping alkali beds, from which rose smothering clouds of dust, while on every hand bunches of sage and cactus were the sole vegetation.

Drenching showers from the mountains alternated with the scorching heat from a brazen sky. Fierce morning winds from the gorges chilled them to the marrow. Fallen forests of pine disputed their progress. Often they suffered from hunger, when game was scarce; more than once from thirst, when the water-holes were dry.

And yet through it all there was a certain sense of enjoyment. The free mountain air, the adventurous nature of their undertaking, the wonderful scenery, which no pen can adequately describe—these were a continual source of pleasure to a young fellow like Tom, in vigorous health and exuberant spirits. And never absent from mind was the one deep-seated hope that success would crown their undertaking, and through his own instrumentality Dolly Bruton would be restored safe and unharmed to her father.

So day after day the two held their way until the wonderful chasm in the mountain range known as the Virgin Pass was reached. And far up near the timber land to the left, Straight Arrow pointed to a curl of blue smoke rising skyward.

"Blueskin camp," he said, quietly. "Now, Tom, brace up!"

Straight Arrow's vocabulary was enlarging rapidly.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN BLUESKIN'S CAMP.

Mountains, snow-crested and cloud-capped, on every side. Between them a gigantic gorge—barren and wind swept on the north, fertile and well timbered on the south. Beside a brawling mountain torrent, fed by the melting snows thousands of feet above, are a collection of smoke-stained tepees, and two or three lodges, built of poles and boughs thatched with water rushes. Overhead are towering pines, eighty and a hundred feet high, through whose tops the mountain breezes are forever sighing. Under foot the thick green mosses alternate with lush grass, bespangled where it is not trodden by the feet of man or beast, with the daisy and buttercup—the bluebell and the wild rose.

Indian dogs with drooping ears and tails skulk hither and thither, with the furtive look peculiar to this much abused canine tribe. A rude corral contains some two score Indian ponies.

Such is the camp of Blueskin and his Ute followers, who, with their families, roam restlessly from place to place, living by hunting, by trapping, and by plunder. The so-called "braves" make occasional incursions to some frontier town for firewater or ammunition; the squaws and children attend to the work of the encampment.

Dolly Bruton, looking paler and thinner than when we last saw her, was sitting listlessly beside the mountain torrent, tossing bits of bark and twigs from time to time into the foaming eddies.

Dolly Bruton—but how changed as to the outer woman, if I may so express it! For the whim of her captors had forced Dolly to adopt the dress of an Indian maid as better suited to her surroundings. Yet this had a sort of picturesqueness, after all. She wore a loose blouse waist, with a skirt of deoskin reaching to the ankles, deftly embroidered with porcupine quills stained in colors, and beaded moccasins on her small feet. She had been allowed to retain her jaunty little hat with its cardinal wing. Her dark hair fell in a heavy braid from under its rim.

Dolly was not alone. By day and night Nanita was her constant attendant. Nanita was a halfbreed, with Mexican blood in her veins—tall, well-formed, dark and handsome, with a beauty of Mexican rather than Indian type. Whether she liked or disliked Dolly the latter could not fully decide, any more than she could tell whether she—Dolly—liked or disliked Nanita, who was singularly reticent of speech and reserved in manner.

But Nanita was her jailer, in a certain sense. Wherever Dolly went, Nanita was ever at her side. For this Dolly was not entirely ungrateful. ~~had~~ saved her from fear of annoyance by her captors. Not that she had been treated with the utmost respect—wary Blueskin knew too well the value of his pretty prisoner. But was not Montez one of them? Montez, who in Indian guise had assisted in her abduction, and who later, appearing in his true colors, had annoyed her with his enforced attentions; pretending even that he had joined himself to Blueskin's band, after learning their purpose, with the sole object of befriending her, and if possible aiding in her escape.

"Five—almost six days since the messenger was sent with the letter to father," said Dolly, wistfully.

"There is many day to wait," replied Nanita, who had the wonderfully musical voice so often heard among Mexican women. "It may be that he returns not yet to his ranch," she went on, as a little sigh escaped Dolly's lips. "Perhaps he still seeks the trail of Blueskin—*quien sabe?*"

"There would be a bitter reckoning with that red-skinned wretch if he and the boys should find this camp," said Dolly, clinching her small fist vindictively.

Nanita only laughed carelessly.

"Rest tranquil, little one. The hiding-place here is not easily discovered."

Dolly was about making reply when Nanita touched her arm.

"Strangers," she said, laconically, pointing as she spoke to two horsemen who were riding toward them.

"Indians," pettishly exclaimed Dolly; "oh, I am so sick of the sight of them." For more than once since her imprisonment the encampment had been visited by straggling reservation Indians—Utes, Navajoes and even Apaches in twos and threes.

The approach of the strangers made no stir whatever among the dozen or more men idling about the encampment. The newcomers walked their horses, which bore the marks of hard travel, slowly past the spot where the two females were sitting. At a sign from Nanita both drew rein.

Nanita, having her due share of woman's inquisitiveness, questioned them in the Indian tongue. Only one replied. The other sat mute and motionless, with eye seemingly fixed on vacancy. Yet while Dolly was regarding them both with a sort of idle interest, the silent one flashed a sudden searching look on her sad face, which was something more than one of mere curiosity.

Dolly's heart began to beat quicker than its wont, she could not tell why; but she turned away with a little shrug. He was only an Indian, and she had seen enough of the noble red man to last her a lifetime—so she told herself.

"Well, what does he say?" she asked Nanita, as, finishing his explanation, the young Indian, motioning to his mute companion, rode directly into the encampment.

"He is from the party of Sioux camped a six days' ride distant. His brother with him came into the world without speech or hearing. The two are on their way to another tribe in the South. Their horses need rest. So they have turned aside to Blueskin's camp."

But Dolly had already lost her interest in the newcomers, who had been received with Indian hospitality. Their ponies were taken from them and the chafed backs of both horses treated with bear fat; after which they were hobbled where they could have their fill of short, rich buffalo grass.

Tom Fenwick and Carl, as Straight Arrow had desired Tom to call him, for of course these were our two friends, were conducted to one of the three lodges, and food was placed before them by Blueskin's favorite wife. Blueskin himself was unusually complacent, and treated Tom particularly with a sort of 'awesome respect.'

Left to themselves, the two, having finished their meal, stepped outside the lodge and seated themselves near the door. They had arranged a sort of sign manual between them, which, really meaning nothing whatever, would give the impression to onlookers that this was their mode of communication with each other.

Presently Carl rose and strolled toward Blueskin's lodge, leaving Tom sitting mutely and apparently indifferent to his surroundings. But if those in the vicinity could have known how his heart was beating, or how hard it was to restrain himself when all at once the skin curtain before the door of the next lodge not ten feet away, was drawn up, revealing to his eager gaze Dolly ~~Bruton~~ looking wistfully toward the setting sun!

The effort at restraint was harder yet a moment later. For approaching the lodges was a young man whose dress no less than so much of his features as was visible under the wide rim of his sombrero, showed that he was no Indian. His attire, partly that of a plainsman and partly of the Mexican ranchers, was not devoid of a certain picturesque grace quite in keeping with the surroundings.

Balancing a rifle across his arm, he came forward

with a rather jaunty step. At the sight of Dolly, framed in the doorway, he halted, dropped his pony's lariat, and raised his sombrero—disclosing the dark, handsome face of Montez.

"Buenos dios, señorita."

Dolly nodded rather coolly, considering the fact that Montez was young, good-looking and withal the only white face in the camp.

"Ah, Mees Bruton," said Montez, effusively, "why is it that you are to me so cold—me, who risk so much to serve you; who plan continually how to effect the escape?"

"Because I don't like you. More—I don't believe what you say is true," was the uncompromising reply. Evidently Dolly's tongue had lost none of its piquancy.

Montez's dark face flushed. Then he suddenly noticed Tom, who lingered by the door of the other lodge. The Mexican eyed him sharply.

"He is not one of us," Montez observed in an undertone. "Speak not so loud, señorita."

"Speaking loud or low don't matter to him. He is a deaf mute." And then Dolly curtly explained.

Montez seemed satisfied.

"You say you believe me not?" And he made a passionate gesture. "But it is all true. I tell Blueskin that for revenge on John Bruton, I join with him to steal you from home. I only do this that I help you escape."

"Why haven't you helped me, then?"

"The time is not yet. And Nanita watches you as the hawk."

While speaking, Montez cast swift glances about him. The deaf mute stood immovable—his eyes apparently fixed on the glowing west. In the distance Carl was surrounded by a number of the Utes, who were listening to something he was telling—probably some prodigious falsehood. Nanita was nowhere visible. In fact, the coast was clear.

Before Dolly was aware of the Mexican's intention, Montez sprang to her side and possessed himself of one of Dolly's small hands.

"Ah, señorita bellissima," he began in impassioned tones, "it is this my affection—"

Now Dolly was not one of the screaming kind; but, startled and indignant, she wrested away her hand, uttering a little cry.

Of course the deaf mute could not have heard it. It must have been that he had looked around just in time to see the entire proceeding.

However this was, Dolly's pleading cry had hardly been uttered when with a bound like that of an antelope, he was inside the lodge.

Tom's thews and muscles were in tolerable training when some weeks previous he had pitched Montez headlong into the watering-place at Bixon's. But his active, hardy, out-of-door life had now developed an almost inordinate degree of strength, and this was intensified by his rage.

Montez, himself no mean antagonist, was as a child in Tom's powerful clutch. Almost before he realized what had happened, he was whirled swiftly round and sent flying through the lodge door, assisted by a vengeful though unfortunately harmless kick from Tom's moccasined foot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

## GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HAMMERSLEY CLOSES WITH THE COLONEL.



UY saw the warm blood rush into his mother's cheeks, to be succeeded by a deadly pallor. She held the letter, so cruelly worded, out to him, and with one swift glance he had taken in the contents.

"It is all through me," he told himself.

"Mr. Sinclair has heard of my dismissal from Fox & Burdell's."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hammersley is speaking to the colonel. But what is this she is saying?

"Colonel Starr, I have decided to accept your offer. Consider me at your disposal, that is, on one condition."

"And what, madam, is that?"

The colonel's eyes glistened, and his two hands crept near to one another, as if to be all ready, in case the condition should not be too hard a one, to rub themselves against each other in token of felicity.

"That you give my son a position with the troupe. I cannot be separated from him."

The colonel's hands spread apart, and one sought his knee, while the other was rubbed reflectively across his smooth-shaven chin.

"Ah—um," he murmured. "What are the accomplishments of your son? Er—has he inherited any of your talent in the musical line?"

Again that strange look came over the mother's face, but, as before, it vanished in an instant, and she was smiling as she replied to the colonel's question:

"No, Guy is not musical except in the sense that he loves to listen to fine performers; he does not even play the banjo. His only accomplishment, so far as I am aware, is in the line of keeping accounts. Is your business staff full?"

"Well," rejoined the colonel, "you know the management of a concert troupe is not such an onerous affair as that of an opera company would be; but if your son would consent to accept a small salary, I think I could fix matters. If—for instance—he wouldn't mind taking tickets—I can offer him six dollars a week."

"Very good; we will close with that, then," interposed Mrs. Hammersley, in the tone of one who wished that the interview should be ended.

"Excellent, madam," exclaimed the colonel, rising with cheerful alacrity. "You have removed a great weight from my heart; that weight the fear that I could not secure you. Now if you will only sign your name to this brief screed, I can go on my way rejoicing."

As he spoke, the colonel took a sheet of foolscap, pretty well filled with writing, from his pocket, and handed it, with a fountain pen, to Mrs. Hammersley.

It would be well-nigh impossible to describe Guy's feelings during all this. Utter despair would come about as near to it as anything.

What would be the result of his mother's placing herself within the power of this man whom, in spite of his fair speaking, Guy could not but distrust? And it

was all owing to him, Guy, for had not Mrs. Hammersley herself told him that his experience that day down town had decided her in the matter? And now this curt note of dismissal from the School of Music had left her no choice in the matter.

And this, too, had doubtless come about through him! To be sure he was not guilty of the theft of the thirteen dollars, but that did not affect the result.

So now he felt that his tongue was tied. He had already said as much as he dared. Instead of objecting, on account of a mere prejudice against the personality of a man, ought he not rather to feel grateful that they were able to make such advantageous arrangements?

Supposing Colonel Starr had not turned up. What would have been the prospects for his mother and himself now both were deprived of their positions? Surely he ought to look upon this opportunity to join the forces of the Starr Concert Company as one of the most fortuitous circumstances that had befallen them since their struggle with the world had begun.

And yet, try as he would to see things in this light, he shivered inwardly as he saw his mother take a music book from the piano, place the sheet of foolscap upon it, and then write her name at the bottom in her pretty, graceful hand.

"There, madam!" exclaimed the colonel, who made no effort to conceal his delight at the realization of his hopes, "you are now fairly embarked on a career that I am certain will redound to your good, not only in a pecuniary sense but in fame as well. This, in your case, will be almost, if not quite, as good as money; for of course when your twenty weeks' season is over, you will be at liberty to renew with me, or others, on your own terms."

"And when do you want—that is, if you will be kind enough to give me some directions, Colonel Starr, as to what you wish me to do?" rejoined Mrs. Hammersley, by no means showing in either voice or manner the enthusiasm that was expected of her.

"Oh, to be sure. First I want you to meet Miss Farleigh. She is a charming girl, I assure you. If you like, I will call for you to-morrow morning, and we will go down to her hotel and see her. We can then talk over the make up of programmes, the date of our first performance, and so on."

"Is Miss Farleigh's mother with her?" inquired Mrs. Hammersley.

"No; she is an orphan, and has come over with her brother, a young man about your son's age, I should judge. He is to travel with us too. They will make pleasant companions for each other."

"Talks about me as if I were nine years old," said Guy to himself; and he felt a deep sense of relief when the colonel shook hands and bowed himself out, with an appointment to call the next day at ten.

"Mother," said Guy, as soon as the door closed on them in their own rooms, "did you read that contract before you signed it?"

"Certainly I did. It was simply a repetition of what he told us. Why do you mistrust that man so greatly, Guy?"

"Because of his whole manner," the boy burst out.

"He is too plausible, too smooth-spoken. I may be wrong; and I feel that when I have brought all this upon us—"

"Guy, do not speak that way," cried his mother. "It is not you, it is the harsh, cruel injustice of the world. I never wanted you to go away from me, and just as soon as I am sure that I can do well with the concert company, I shall insist on your giving up your position as ticket-taker."

"But I do not want to live upon you," objected Guy. "I am seventeen, and surely—"

His mother stopped him with a wave of the hand and a smile.

"You need not be idle, my dear boy. If all goes as I trust it will, I shall need you to manage my affairs. All singers have their managers, you know, and you can be mine. And, by the way, I wish you would stop in at Ditson's to-morrow morning and get me some music I want. I will make you out a list."

Guy slept but little that night. His brain was too full of dire foreboding and unavailing regret. His mother's very cheerfulness was a source of torment to him.

He was afraid that she would not be sufficiently on her guard against any tricks Starr (it was in this irreverent manner that Guy always thought of the colonel) might try to play at her expense.

At last he fell asleep from sheer weariness of the efforts he had been making to woo slumber. And such frightful dreams as he had!

In one he was a hangman, with the task of executing thirteen shop girls, who all, as they came up under the fatal noose, pointed a finger at him and muttered, "You did it, you!" In another he saw his mother drowning before his eyes, while a man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses fiddled away on the bank of the river for dear life, and would not let him approach to save her.

Thus it came to pass that in the morning he did not awake with that usual feeling of buoyancy which is such a valuable attribute of youth. And yet the brilliant autumn sunshine which streamed in at the window gradually infused him with hope in spite of himself, and "I cannot improve matters by worrying about them," he told himself as he dressed, "and I can make mother's burden heavier by putting on glum looks."

So he put all the gloom of yesterday away from him, and his "good morning" to his mother had the cheery, old-time ring to it. And he had his reward in the reflected brightness he saw in her face.

Promptly at ten o'clock Colonel Starr presented himself, and, finding that Guy had not gone downtown, invited him to go along to Miss Farleigh's hotel.

"You will find her brother there," he said, "and will be able to make his acquaintance."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A SUDDEN MOVE.

The hotel at which the Farleighs were stopping was within walking distance of the Hammersley's boarding house, and within twenty minutes our friends found themselves in a sunny room, being warmly welcomed by a tall girl with a deep, rich voice and a strangely sweet face.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Hammersley," she said, as she gave that lady's hand a lingering pressure. "You know all my friends in this country are men, and though they are very kind, yet I hunger at times for a confidential chat with some one who will remind me of my sister. You know Ward and I have never been away from her before. She has taken care of us ever since mamma died."

Poor girl! she was only eighteen, and so homesick, and the sight of Mrs. Hammersley's motherly face went straight to her heart and impelled her to make all these confidences in a breath, as it were.

While she was speaking a young fellow of sixteen entered the room, and was at once presented as "brother Ward."

Guy took to him at once, as how could he help doing when he was the living image of his handsome sister, only a trifle shorter and carrying his head a little more confidently?

It transpired that Miss Farleigh wanted some new music, too, and before the boys had a chance to exchange more than half a dozen words, Colonel Starr suggested that Guy show Ward the way to Ditson's.

Nothing loath, he expressed his entire readiness to do so, and the two were soon walking down Broadway together.

"Do you know," began young Farleigh, as soon as they were in the street, "I find it almost impossible to realize that I am in America. A month ago I had no more idea of coming than of taking a journey to Mercury."

"Then—you have not known Colonel Starr long?" asked Guy, intuitively, for he was anxious to ascertain how the Farleighs came to have business relations with the impresario.

"Only two months," was the answer. "You see, this is the way of it. My sister—my elder one, Gwendoline—has let our house in London for lodgers since father died, and Colonel Starr stopped with us when he was over this summer. He heard Ruth play and just about went wild over it. Declared that she'd make a fortune if she only came to America, and finally persuaded us into it. I was just out of school, and sister had some money saved up to start me in business, but the colonel told us that in one season the amount would be quadrupled, so we spent part of it to cross and the rest of it is going in hotel bills. And I say, what do you think of Colonel Starr? How long have you known him?"

"Since yesterday," answered Guy, fully prepared for the whistle of astonishment with which the statement was received.

"And—and hasn't your mother known him any longer, either?" added Ward.

"No."

"Then you can't tell me any more about him than I know already," summed up the English lad, and he turned on Gay with an odd motion of the eyes and mouth which the latter found not much difficulty in interpreting.

As if by mutual agreement the subject of Colonel Starr was now dropped and the boys talked of New York and the sights thereof until they reached Ditson's, where each purchased the music of which he had a list, and then hastened back to the hotel. But that brief interchange of words about the colonel had served to make the two better friends than a whole day of ordinary converse would have done.

They found the two ladies alone, Mrs. Hammersley at the piano, playing an accompaniment to Ruth's rendering of a beautiful composition of Vieuxtemps's on the violin. They stepped in quietly, and Guy listened with charmed intentness till the piece was finished, when he broke into involuntary applause.

It was the first time during his waking hours that he had forgotten the burden that episode at the office of the Fireside Favorite had laid upon his heart.

"We are to give our first concert next Thursday, Guy," said his mother. "Colonel Starr has gone off to make the final arrangements now, and we start Wednesday evening."

"Why, where are we going?" exclaimed Guy. "I thought we were to make our first appearance here at Chickening Hall."

"No, he has been compelled very suddenly to change his plans, and we are to go West at once."

"What part of the West? Anywhere near Cincinnati?" asked Guy, quickly.

"No; to some town in Pennsylvania I never heard of before—Brillings, I think the name of it is. But you can see that we haven't much time to spare."

It was indeed rather short notice, but the rush of preparation accorded well with Guy's feelings. He seemed to himself to have lived in a constant whirl since just twenty-four hours previous when he had gone on that errand for Mr. Fox.

Besides, with plenty to occupy his hands, he was not so prone to worry his mind with useless repinings over the nature of the enterprise on which they were now embarked.

Miss Stanwix seemed sincerely sorry to lose her boarders, aside from any financial interest she might have in their departure. Indeed, she had occupants for the vacated rooms already booked.

Not one word did Mrs. Hammersley say to Guy about that curt dismissal from the School of Music. He could not help wondering if he would have felt any easier in his mind had the worthy colonel not turned up.

"Certainly we should have been worse off in that case," he tried to assure himself, and by the day of departure he had in so far succeeded that he was en-

abled to get up a feeling of considerable curiosity to see the other members of the Starr Concert Company, whom he expected to find on the train.

The Hammersleys and the Farleighs had arranged to go down to the ferry in the same carriage, and on arriving there found the colonel waiting for them, a bouquet of roses in each hand, one of which he handed to Mrs. Hammersley, the other to Ruth Farleigh. He had also provided tickets for the entire party, with pleasant quarters in the Pullman, and soon after the train started led the way to a well-spread dinner table in the dining car.

"But, Colonel Starr," queried Ruth, as they took seats and she noticed that all the chairs were filled "where are the rest?"

"The rest, Miss Farleigh? The rest of what?" and the colonel smiled affably as he bent over the shoulder of the fair young prima donna.

"Why, the rest of the company, to be sure. I thought we should find them all here."

"Ah, cruel one, to remind me at this auspicious moment of the 'shop,' of the business cares that are whitening my hairs before their time. Ah, such a 'heavenly' tenor, as you ladies would say, as I had secured, and now he sends me word that he has the diphtheria and has been taken to the hospital. And my accompanist, a buffo bass of wonderful abilities, has been served with a subpoena as a witness in an important case and cannot join us till next week some time."

Guy and Ward exchanged swift, meaning glances, while Mrs. Hammersley exclaimed: "Who, then, can play my accompaniments. Have you secured a substitute?"

"And who will play mine?" added Ruth.

"I should be most happy to give this young man a position, if he will accept it," and the colonel placed his hand for an instant, with an air of paternal guardianship, on Ward's shoulder.

"I?" The boy looked around in unbounded astonishment. "Why, I have never played for any one but Ruth in my life."

"But you are a quick reader of music," interposed the colonel, suavely. "I have heard your sister say so. With just a little practice I will warrant you will do beautifully, and that reminds me, Master Guy, wouldn't you like me to relieve you of that ticket-taking business, and earn your salary on the stage instead?"

Guy's amazement far exceeded Ward's. But the colonel did not allow him time to more than draw in a long breath preparatory to protesting his inability to do anything of the sort.

"I heard from Miss Stanwix how you had entertained the household there one evening by reading a series of humorous selections. I have a stock of some excellent productions in my satchel which I will show you after dinner, and I am sure that with your voice and presence, you can make yourself a noteworthy feature of the evening's entertainment. For a good reader is a rara avis, and when he appeals to the humorous side of the great American people his success is assured. And now let us drop 'shop' and take up dinner."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ARRIVAL AT BRILLING.

Our friends of the Starr Concert Company were not due at Brilling until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Meantime, as the colonel spent much of his time in the smoking-car, the quartette had ample opportunity to discuss the situation among themselves.

And the Farleighs were as much astounded as were the Hammersleys on realizing that the troupe was not a large one, consisting of at least half a dozen artists. It had now resolved itself into an organization of only three; for Ward was merely to play the accompaniments.

"I'll tell you one thing that strikes me as jolly queer," he said, as he and Guy occupied seats together while the berths were being made up. "You know when the colonel opened his satchel to get out those books for you. Well, he threw a lot of things out on the seat next to me, and among them was a handbill, and I'm positive neither Tellman's nor Dart's name

was on it. Now these must have been printed some time ago, and the colonel claims that he did not know of the defection of these two men till this afternoon, and he had no time to replace them."

"And you conclude?" interjected Guy.

"That he never intended the company to consist of more members than at present constitute it. As far as I can make out, we 'show,' as they call it, only at one-night stands, so if the public in one town are disgusted, it will be too far away to affect the business at the next."

"In plain terms, then," went on Guy, "you believe Colonel Starr to be a fraud."

"I'm afraid he is," answered Ward, "but I wouldn't for the world have my sister know it. You see, she has signed with him for the season, and I suppose he could make things mighty unpleasant for her if she should attempt to break the contract. Besides, we'd be stranded without a thing to fall back upon; not money enough to take us home, and only enough to pay our expenses for about a week."

"But if you believe Colonel Starr to be an irresponsible person," interposed Guy, "it seems to me that you will not be any better off by remaining with him."

"Oh, but you see it's just this way," responded the other. "Ruth's contract says that she is to have an eighth of the gross receipts. Well, if the thing doesn't draw, he can't get enough himself to go on with, and perhaps the little we should get would be enough to buy our passage back home. Of course if my sister was on a regular salary things would be different."

"Then you are of the opinion that the only one to be cheated is the public, are you?" asked Guy, half laughingly.

"It looks most awfully as if that was the case, doesn't it now?" rejoined Ward. "And I say it without any disrespect to your mother or my sister. But the thing that's actually bothering me the most is the idea of having to play on the stage of an opera house, for that's where we open, the colonel says. If I get rattled, you see, it will not hurt me so much as it will your mother and Ruth."

"But you won't be obliged to face the audience as I shall," returned Guy. "And if they don't like what I am reading, I know I shall feel it, and you can imagine what sort of an effect it will have upon me. Still, as long as it lets me out of taking tickets I suppose I shouldn't mind."

The fact of the matter was, Guy felt that he wouldn't have minded anything very much if only he could be relieved of that cloud of suspicion that he felt was resting over him in the minds of at least twenty persons, and perhaps many more, back in New York. The memory of that fearful experience was ever present with him to dampen his joys, intensify his fears, and make him, in short, as different from the high-spirited, light-hearted fellow at Fairlock as it was possible for the same individual to become.

Again that night he slept but little, and it was not till the train slowed up for Brilling that he forgot, for the time, the Old Man of the Sea load he was carrying. Even while making himself familiar with the humorous selections he intended reciting that night, he was sensible of a dull burden of contrasting gloom tugging away at his heartstrings meanwhile. But now, with the bustle of getting baggage together, preparatory to quitting the cars after their long ride, and the natural curiosity to see what sort of a place Brilling was, he forgot for a time his *bete noir*.

The town appeared to be a good-sized one, with a preponderance of frame buildings, from the midst of which the Brilling Opera House stood out like a giant among pygmies. It was close to the station, and the travelers passed it on their way to the hotel.

"See there! What did I tell you?" exclaimed Ward, nudging Guy just as they were opposite the gaudily painted entrance. "Look at those billboards. Those posters must have been printed five days ago at least."

They were certainly very elaborate, done in three colors, with a picture of a blue girl, with yellow hair streaming down her back, playing on a green violin. Above this marvelous fragment of the artist's imagination—for Ruth Farleigh's hair was almost black, and worn in a Psyche knot; she never dressed in any light colors except white, and most certainly she did not use a painted fiddle—the boldest of bold type set forth the fact that Brilling was to enjoy an entertainment by

## THE STARR CONCERT COMPANY,

Combining an Unequalled Array of Talent, headed by the Peerless and Unrivaled English Girl Violinist,

## RUTH FARLEIGH.

Applauded by Two Hemispheres and Excelled in None.

This brightly colored (in more senses than one) poster then went on to say:

Miss Farleigh will be Assisted by

Mrs. FLORENCE KING,

The Eminent New York Soprano,

Mr. REGINALD FAIRFAX,

The Famous Boy Orator, and

MASTER CLAIR DUFFET,

Only Fifteen, and Accompanist.

"Who is Mr. Reginald Fairfax?" Guy wanted to know.

"Why, that's you, of course," returned Ward, "and 'Master Clair Duffet, only fifteen,' is your humble servant. Not content with turning me into a Frenchman, our friend the colonel must needs dock me of a year on my age. I suppose he'll be wanting me to appear in knickerbockers to sustain the illusion."

Poor Ward spoke better than he knew. They had barely reached the hotel, where the two boys were assigned a room together, when the colonel presented himself in the doorway, smiling contentedly, and rubbing his hands together in a manner which, as Ward whispered to Guy, "meant business."

"Here we are, young gentlemen," he began, "all ready to commence our work. As soon as the ladies are a little rested we shall walk around to the opera house for a rehearsal and meantime—ah, by the way, Hammersley, you brought your dress suit with you, did you?"

"Yes, I have it in the trunk here, and expect to wear it to-night," replied Guy.

"And you," went on the manager, turning to Ward, "have you yours with you, too?"

"I haven't any," said the boy, bluntly.

"Ah, that is too bad," murmured the colonel, and for an instant he seemed to be buried in profound, melancholy reflection. Then he suddenly raised his head brought two fingers of his right hand with an impressive whack against the palm of his left.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "You English chaps are always playing football and other sports, and I'll warrant you have a pair of knickerbockers in your trunk. They're coming into style again, you know, so you can wear them."

Ward was speechless for an instant. Then, with all a Briton's blood in his face, he retorted: "Colonel Starr, I have no suit such as you describe with me, and if I had, I would not wear it. I did not expect to appear as a performer when I came away, and if I can't go on in my black cutaway and white tie, I can stay off and content myself with occupying the position it was originally intended I should fill—that of escort to my sister."

"Oh, well, I only spoke for your own good and with an effort to make you feel as comfortable as possible during the performance," returned the colonel, with most unexpected mildness, and then he quietly withdrew.

"That man is terribly exasperating," broke forth Ward, when they were alone. "He won't even please a fellow by getting mad. I expected nothing less than to have him storm out at me when I let loose on him in that fashion, but—"

"Still waters run deep, you know," interposed Guy, "at the same time I am glad you asserted your independence. You would have cut a pretty figure seated at the piano in a football suit."

"Shouldn't I? Only imagine it!"

Then they both laughed, felt better, and soon afterward went over to the opera house with the ladies for a rehearsal, little dreaming that an incident more marked than Ward's appearance in a football suit was to make the evening performance memorable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## 'TWIXT FIRE AND STEEL.

BY GEORGE Q. FARQUHAR.

**A**FTER the recent spell of stifling heat—heat accompanied by alarming earth-tremors and by a renewed activity on the part of Yusi-tao, the Smoke Mountain—any decrease in the temperature was doubly welcome, especially to those Americans whom choice, chance, or enterprise had led to settle in the Land of the Rising Sun. From the veranda of Mr. Urwin's bungalow one could see his silk-factory in the town below, with the square stone-built counting-house at the farther end of it.

On this particular day he was about to take himself thither when a double 'ricksha with two Japanese "boys" in the shafts, rattled up to the gateposts. From his vehicle a stout, middle-aged man alighted and burst excitedly into the house.

"What's amiss, Fraser?" ejaculated Mr. Urwin in astonishment. "You'll have apoplexy if you go scurrying about like this. Anything wrong?"

"Wrong—wrong! The office—broken into—money gone—?"

"Eh, what's that! Goodness me! don't stand gasping there, man. Out with it!"

Yet even when the overseer had managed to recover his breath, he could add little to the information already blurted out. On reaching the warehouse that morning he had found the office door unfastened, and

the desk, in which a considerable sum of money had been deposited overnight, pried open and plundered of its contents. At once he had dispatched a messenger to the Japanese gendarmerie, while he himself had lost no time in bringing the unpleasant news to his employer.

"Burglars, eh?" cried Mr. Urwin, jamming his hat down over his brows. "The bare-faced impudence of the scamps! Come along, Fraser; I must wake the authorities up over this business myself."

At the moment of entering the waiting 'ricksha, they were joined by a sun-bronzed boy, who came dashing across the garden towards them.

"Oh, dad, I wanted to ask you if I might take Taffy for a gallop this morning? You know, he's getting so jolly fat and lazy, he won't be able to trot—"

"Don't bother me, Ralph. I've something else to think about than you and your pony," rejoined Mr. Urwin testily; then, more kindly, "Taffy? Oh, yes, certainly, sonnie. Only don't worry me now."

Ralph, gazing surprisedly after the two men as they were whisked off down the road, pursed up his lips into a whistle.

"Whew! I wonder what's the row! It takes a lot to put the pater into such a pepper as that. Anyhow, it isn't me this time, so I needn't trouble. Besides, I've also something else on hand just now. I'm going to tackle that!"

And Ralph looked wistfully toward the distant cone

of Yusi-tao, from which there rose a thin column of black smoke, that bulged and spread itself at the top like the branches of a gigantic tree.

"It's quiet enough now," murmured he, as if to justify his contemplated escapade. "There can't be any danger in making the ascent. And in the last letter I received from cousin Ted, he said what a high old lark it must be to have a real live volcano in one's backyard. Of course, it isn't quite that—but—but no; I can't face him and tell him I've never been within three miles of it. What an arrant duffer he'll think me!"

Ralph little guessed that, when he set sail for school, he would be able to carry with him the memory of an adventure compared with which the ascent of a five-thousand foot peak would seem an everyday occurrence.

The preparations for the projected expedition were soon completed. Having provided himself with a stock of sandwiches and a water bottle—as well as with his father's stoutest stick, to be used as an alpenstock—Ralph was presently galloping through the lanes on the back of a rough pony. This was Taffy—shipped specially to Tokio by Ralph's uncle.

Soon the town of Tyasaki was left far behind. Between rice and millet-fields rode Ralph, past the old Shinto temple, with its grotesque carvings and brilliant lacquer, until he came to a grove of tall cryptomeria trees, where the ground began to rise more abruptly and assume a bleaker aspect. Fearing lest Taffy's knees should come to harm among the loose stones and jagged rocks if he urged the animal further, Ralph tethered his mount to a wayside bush and set out on foot to traverse the steep acclivities before him.

During the first hour or so he made steady progress; and then the real difficulties of his task began to obtrude themselves. The surface of the mountain was hereabouts strewn thickly with fine ashes and dross, through which he floundered arduously; worse than that, every now and then he would encounter a stream of molten lava, which compelled him to retrace his steps or make lengthy and irksome detours. More than once, out of sheer disgust, he was of a mind to abandon his project altogether; and it was after one of these pangs of disappointment, while sitting munching his sandwiches in indecision, that he chanced to catch sight of a figure slowly and cautiously scaling the ridge some three or four hundred feet below.

"Now, what's that fellow up to?" murmured Ralph, in surprise. "I never heard of a native ascending Yusi-tao for pleasure before—except Hunyaiken, father's Japanese clerk. He's been up twice, he tells me. Still, this can't be Hunyaiken, for he's hard at it in the office to-day."

The stranger, unconscious of any watcher, held on a course that would eventually take him over the shoulder of the mountain. Evidently he was only bent upon finding a short cut—certainly an unfrequented one—into the country beyond the chain of hills, and so into the interior of the island. At one point, as he clambered up a steep hummock, his features became clearly visible to Ralph.

"It is Hunyaiken!" cried the boy, in delight. "What luck! He'll be able to show me the easiest route, even if he won't go up with me himself. Hullo, down there! Co—ee! co—ee!"

The Jap—a taller and more muscular individual than the majority of his countrymen—looked up with terror-stricken eyes, his olive skin changing to a bilious yellow. Instantly he dropped out of sight behind a ledge of rock, making for cover with the instinct of a hunted animal.

"Well, I'm jiggled!" exclaimed Ralph, at a loss to account for this unexpected move. "This is a queer place for hide-and-seek, and no mistake! Where the dickens has he—Hi, come out of that! I say, Hunyaiken—Hunyaiken."

Seeing that no amount of shouting had any effect, Ralph hastened down the hill until he arrived within a dozen paces of the man's lurking-place. Here he pulled up sharp, and with a scared face. From around the rocky ledge the saucer-hatted head of Hunyaiken was

furtively thrust out, and in the ugly aspect of that visage Ralph read the blackest and deadliest purpose. With the stealthy tread of a wild cat stalking its prey, the Jap crept forward, his slit eyes afame, a fierce snarl on his lips. In his right hand he gripped a bared, brass-hilted dirk.

"Here, stop this tomfoolery!" cried Ralph, retreating step for step as the other advanced. "Let me tell you it's beyond a joke. I want you to come with me—"

"Not go, no!" interjected Hunyaiken vehemently. "You wish to take me off plenty soon to the prison house? You—you! No, I keeps the money—every yen of it! I fly, so they never get it back once more. But you see me and spy me out. Then you one too much, and I kill you—I kill you now!"

Although most of this jumble was incomprehensible to him, Ralph could not misunderstand the final threat. Surely it was a madman with whom he had to deal!

"Come, man drop that knife!" said he, coaxingly, "let me take you back to your friends they'll wonder what's become of you. Father, I know, fully expected to see you at the office to-day and when I say where I met you, somebody's certain to set out at once in search—"

"Ha, you plenty mock—you plenty laugh! But, no you never go back now. You are one, alone, and I stop you pretty quick, bimeby—now!"

Springing towards the lad, Hunyaiken made a vicious lunge at him with the glittering blade. Ralph skipped nimbly aside, at the same moment swinging his oaken staff aloft and bringing it down with all his strength upon the Jap's outstretched wrist. The dirk clattered to the ground near its wielder's feet. As Hunyaiken stooped to recover it Ralph darted past him and tore helter-skelter down the mountain side.

Over boulders and across rugged gullies he dashed at the hazard of his neck, now slithering down precipitous inclines, now boot-deep in cinders and dust. Not far in his rear—Ralph could hear the scoundrel panting laboriously—bounded his assailant in hot chase.

The distance between them had diminished perceptibly when, of a sudden, Ralph half checked his speed. The look of affright upon his countenance grew more acute he gasped despairingly. In front of him, extending in a sharp curve round the base of the slope he was descending, stretched a sinuous stream of molten lava, nigh twenty feet in width. His retreat was cut off as by a river of fire!

Not for long, however, did Ralph hesitate. A flat-topped rock, promising secure foothold, partially overhung the channel at one spot, and towards this he directed his precipitate flight. Gritting his teeth, every sinew braced to its utmost, he launched himself into the air, and cleared the terrible barrier by an inch.

The impetus of his rush sent him sprawling on hands and knees, from which position he had scarcely managed to scramble ere a yell of agonized horror from Hunyaiken smote upon his ears. Ralph glanced back just in time to see his pursuer swerve in mid-air, and drop like a plummet into the middle of the molten mass. The rock from which he had leaped, already shaken by Ralph's passage, had toppled over altogether under the greater weight of the would-be assassin. In his fall, Hunyaiken had broken through the thin hardened film over the lava, and he now lay, face downward, half buried in the fiery matter beneath, motionless—dead!

Four hours later, pallid and reeling in Taffy's saddle, Ralph presented himself at Tyasaki to tell his tale. At once measures were taken to recover the charred body and ill got dollars of the Japanese clerk, whose crime had been followed by so swift and ghastly a Nemesis. As for Ralph, wild horses could not haul him again to the foot of Yusi-tao.

"No more volcano-climbing for me!" he declares, if the topic is mooted. "Why, the mere sight of a piece of pumice-stone is enough to give me a fit of the creeps."

# EDITORIAL CHAT

Address all communications to "Army and Navy," STREET & SMITH,  
238 William Street, New York City.

Four days from the date of this number of Army and Navy will see the close of the "Criticism" contest. Those readers who have not sent in their criticisms as called for in the announcement on the title page should mail their letters at once. The terms of this novel contest have been described at length in this column. They are simple enough, and any boy or girl readers of this publication can compete without trouble. A letter received from a young friend living in Milwaukee, Wis., say, plaintively:

"Dear Mr. Editor: I have read all the numbers mentioned in your "Criticism" contest published to date and I like them all equally well. What am I going to do about it. I know you want me to name only one, but I can not really tell which is the best, they are all so good. Again, I ask, what shall I do?"

\* \* \*

It is certainly pleasing to the publishers of the Army and Navy to learn that the stories issued by them are of so high a character. And, especially are they pleased that the naval and military cadet novellettes are so well received. When the Army and Navy was projected it was decided to devote it to a class of stories of paramount interest to the young readers of America. The field covered by the two Government academies at West Point had never been utilized. It was a fallow field, and a subject of exceeding promise. The services of two graduates, Lieutenant Garrison of the army and Ensign Fitch of the navy were secured and the result has been a series of fascinating novellettes unequalled in juvenile literature. It is the aim and purpose of the publishers to cover every phase of life at the two famous cadet schools, and our readers can rest assured that these stories will never lose their engrossing interest. In passing it is well to say that they can be found only in the Army and Navy.

\* \* \*

William Murray Graydon, the author of "A Legacy of Peril," and "In Forbidden Nepaul," is at work on a third serial for Army and Navy. The title will be announced next week. In the opinion of a vast number of Army and Navy readers Mr. Graydon has no peer in his profession. He is, indeed, a writer of charming stories, and his admirers are legion. Our readers may be interested in knowing that Mr. Graydon is under contract to write exclusively for this publication. A story from his pen will form a permanent feature of Army and Navy. His new serial will be commenced in No. 27.

\* \* \*

Several letters have been received recently from

boys desiring information and advice on the stage as a future profession. In reply we can only say that the theatrical profession is an exceedingly difficult one to succeed in, and one which we would not recommend any young man to follow for a living. The best course, however, for those determined to follow it, is to go directly to some one who fits people for the stage. In New York City there is a School for Acting, connected with the Lyceum Theatre. By becoming a pupil there you have the advantages of the very best instructors, opportunities of visiting theaters, and an engagement as soon as you show yourself competent. There are similar institutions in Chicago and other large cities.

\* \* \*

There are a few very rich actors in this country. Mr. Jefferson and several others have made fortunes, but they are distinctively men of genius. It is possible to begin as the English actor, Irving, did by serving an apprenticeship to some obscure company, playing in country towns at a salary hardly sufficient to pay expenses. There is an excellent opportunity to try one's ability as an actor by means of amateur theatricals. Many of our smaller cities, and certainly all of the larger ones, have dramatic associations, to which persons showing a talent for acting are readily admitted to membership. We would advise our correspondents, who are still young, to join some such society, and then if their ability is conceded they will do well to spend a year or more at some school for acting, after which they will be fitted to go on the stage, beginning with a salary of from fifteen dollars a week upward.

\* \* \*

F. E. H., of Jersey City, writes for information regarding the cigarmaker's trade. The manufacture of cigars in large cities is very extensively conducted by the very poorest class, and hence from that point of view any attempt at learning it would ultimately prove unprofitable. There is no special course of instruction. The important knowledge to be acquired is only gained after years of experience, and it has to do with the quality of tobacco. Many of the smaller cigar stores in New York City and also in other cities, have back rooms where the owner makes up his own goods, so that it is quite possible to start a cigar factory on a small scale. We can give no idea as to the pay received by cigarmakers, but we are certain it is something very small.

Arthur Sewall

# ATHLETIC SPORTS

## AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL

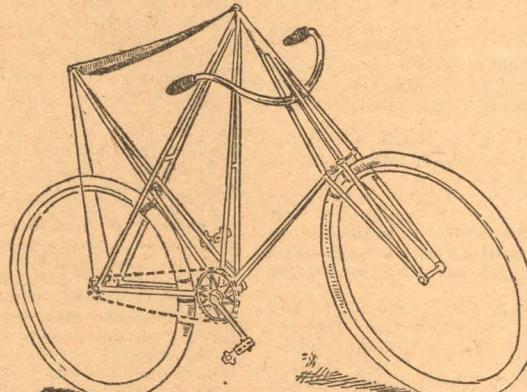


(Brief items of interest on local amateur athletics at the various colleges and schools are solicited. Descriptions and scores of match games will also be published if sent to this department.)

### Cycling Notes.

Michael, Bald, Loughead and Peabody have been the most interesting figures on the American track this season. Speaking of European racing men who have risen out of the ruck of ordinary champions Senator Morgan says: "The great ones include Huret, the long-distance Frenchman, while Bourrillion is a leading short-distance man. Germany, in Willie Arend, has a noteworthy successor to August Lehr, who meteor-like flashed across the German racing sky in 1888 and for several years after held the attention of the fast division. Arend, by the way, is now under suspension, caused by his vanity through winning the international mile at Glasgow in something a little slower than three minutes, on the strength of which he demanded a bonus and swore in German because he could not get it. He is, however, a very fast rider. He has since that time defeated about all the crack European riders. England, in Stocks and Chase, has two men who easily uphold the prestige of a large list of champions of the past, and England is making merry because Stocks holds the mile in 1:35 2-5, which beats Salvator's time; so in getting the mile Johnnie Bull gets the horse time as well. In Cordang, Holland has a long distance champion who leads the world, and is a worthy successor to Kidderlien, the famous Dutch sprinter."

"Foreign racing men," says a Westerner, "are great attractions in this country. Even those of mediocre ability meet a hospitable reception, and after a season's sojourn on American soil return to their homes well pleased with their treatment and substantially improved with regard to their pocketbooks. There are not many, with the exception of Meintjes, Waller, Michael and perhaps Hale, who can be pointed to as having accomplished any remarkable feats on this side, and yet few if any of them have any difficulty in securing engagements for exhibition work at race meets or contracts with our manufacturers. As a matter of fact it appears to be easier for any foreigner to sign with and secure the backing of an American bicycle making concern than for a racing man of native birth to obtain salary and expenses from home enterprise. Owing to the fact that the American public takes so much interest in foreigners it is profitable for any maker to have one mounted on his machine, but as soon as the racing man sails for home he drops out of sight and the benefit ceases, whereas if he were an American he could be kept continually in front.



AN ELEVEN-POUND BICYCLE.

Here is the very latest bicycle design, a freak in appearance, but, according to its inventor, it is this kind of a wheel which has time and again been predicted as the style which the trade of the world would adopt. A man named Pederson, of Denmark, is the inventor. He has spent his life in designing and constructing bridges, but took enough time to construct this freakish-looking bicycle.

The frame of the wheel consists of twenty-one perfect triangles, and its total weight is four pounds, and the machine all ready to ride weighs but eleven pounds. A well-known American bicycle firm, it is reported, has accepted Mr. Pederson's invention and will next year put this kind of wheel on the market.

ges, in their anxiety to obtain winning teams, permit raw men to play a regular game they, to say the least, take a great responsibility.

It is now being conceded by all football experts that the most dangerous team on the gridiron to-day is that made up of the cadets at West Point. The gallant soldier boys play football with a skill and power that promises to send them rapidly to the front.

whether at home or abroad. Starbuck and McDuffie have demonstrated that there are Americans who, receiving equal benefits in the way of pacemakers and multiplets, are in the same class with Michael and Lesna in middle distance work, and it is unfair to native talent to deny to American racing men what is readily accorded the foreign visitors."

More than five hundred finished in the great century run of the Century Wheelmen of New York, October 23. There were seventeen clubs in all in the run and the prize for the largest representation was won by the Century Wheelmen. Three ladies finished.

### Gridiron Items.

Football is naturally a rough game, and no man who has a weak constitution or delicate build should attempt to play it. It requires a fierceness and physical strength that favors only those who are naturally strong and healthy. The very fact, however, that football involves a certain danger of temper and anger makes it a splendid training for its restraint. A good player cannot afford to be put off his team, and if he loses his temper he not only runs the danger of such a happening, but becomes of little use to his captain. Coolness is essential, and the man who can go through the exciting incidents of a football game and still think is better prepared for the struggle of after life.

There can be no question that in many instances this protection of leather and rubber is exaggerated, and, like "long hair," is worn by habit rather than need. It is not difficult to train a healthy man gradually and by degrees to be able to withstand the shocks and falls incident to the game. It is because these men start into the game to learn it at the top and not the bottom that this unnatural method has to be employed. No muscle or set of muscles can perform an arduous task without long preparation, and when the big collec-

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

### Shark Fishing Off Cape Cod.

The novice on his first shark-fishing expedition is generally a little surprised at the sight of the tackle to be used.

The big coil of smooth, closely-made linen quarter-inch line measures at least a hundred fathoms, and is curled around two polished pegs made of whale's teeth. Fastened to its loose end is a length of brass chain, perhaps four or five feet long, to which again is clamped a ponderous fish-hook four inches across the bend and with a shank at least ten inches in length.

Attached to the inside end of the coil is a bright red painted keg, to be slung over in case the shark runs out all the line. In time it will tire even the biggest one, and then the gay-colored float will guide the fishermen to their catch.

But while this inspection has been taking place, the fishing sloop has arrived at a likely spot and it is time to begin.

Surprise number two is experienced at the sight of the fish and cod that are to be used for bait, as they are quite as large as anything that an ordinary angler tries to catch.

A half cod is thrust upon the hook and still further secured to it with copper wire, so that it cannot be detached without the barb catching. It is then flung over, and the captain's son, who has been coiling the rope at the edge of the stern, begins to pay it out yard after yard.

"Thet's plenty 'nuff, en more too!" suddenly sings out his father, warningly. "Don' yer knew yit that we can't afford ter give er shark mor'n er hundred foot er line at first? Ef we do he's liable ter yank us clean ter whar fishin' smacks sails with their bottom-side up!"

Accordingly the boy desists and all hands watch the bait, now far astern, as it occasionally ripples up to the top and then disappears again.

The white-winged terns swoop and circle around the sturdy craft, as she stands over towards the East Channel. Then, just when the novice is beginning to imagine that shark fishing is, after all, a tame and peaceful pastime, the boy waves his torn sou'wester from the bow, yelling out:

"Thar's a good un not twenty fathom ahead!" The captain peers out under his hand, and then the beginner sees the tell-tale sign—the low, sharp, three-cornered dorsal fin of Mr. Shark cutting directly across their bow. Now it turns. Will the shark see or smell the bait?

Suddenly the water is broken where his big back protrudes as with a tremendous leap, half rising from the sea, he falls upon the cod. The line stiffens, and everyone pulls hard on it to drive the big barb home. Then the foam rises, and leaving a trail of bubbles behind, the shark is gone.

The line goes hissing over the lee wash-board, and again the captain cries warningly, "Hi, thar! Don' let yer han' lie over too nigh that coil, mister, else ther shark'll get er full meal er man meat!" And, indeed, it would be fatal to let a loop of that flying cord encircle either hand or foot.

Now the big fish slackens his rush, and all three lay hold on the line with leather mittened hands to guard against the friction. Too quick! He is not half tired yet, and with another spurt, as they hastily loosen their hold, he has run out a good twenty fathoms more.

"Snub" (stop) "ther ugly critter, snub him!" cries the captain, setting the example by grasping the now slowly-moving cord. "He'll hev all our string clean tooken off."

Six strong hands, shaking with excitement, are now clinging to the line. The effort is perfectly successful.

Vainly the shark pulls round in a big circle, the radius of which is continually shortened by the hands

hauling at the line. Twice is he dragged within ten fathoms of the boat's stern, only to rally and be off again like a greyhound. Finally, however, he is subdued and led near the side, where his wicked little grey eyes gleam up out of the green sea, and his horrid jaw shows fierce and wide. But even then he makes a despairing struggle which half pulls the captain over the stern.

It is his last effort. Surging from side to side and churning the waves into white froth, the angry monster lies yielding and helpless.

A loop of heavy line is dexterously cast over his broad tail and secured at both ends; he is drawn alongside, now almost still. A few blows on the nose with a small crow-bar stun him, and with a considerable effort he is hauled aboard. He is bigger now than he seemed in the sea.

"Eight good foot and four inch long," says the captain, rising from his knees with a rude yard stick in his hands. "Er purty fair fish, don't yer think?"

### Famous in History.

Marcus Antonius possessed a dwarf, Sisyphus, not quite two feet tall, and yet the possessor of a remarkable wit.

King Charles II. had in court a pigmy, Richard Gibson. This mite married Anne Shepherd, the queen's dwarf, each being forty-six inches in height. Gibson was a skilled artist, and his miniatures and portraits are much valued.

The favorite of Queen Henrietta Maria, Sir Jeffery Hudson, was presented to her Majesty in a pie, completely armed as a knight. He proved a gallant, fiery little fellow, and of considerable service to the royal family. He became a captain of horse in the civil wars and followed his mistress to France.

The page of honor to Mary Tudor, John Jervis by name, was one of the tiniest dwarfs of his day.

Julia, the niece of the famous Augustus, had in her services two pygmies—Canopus, twenty-nine inches high, and Andromeda, her freed maid, who measured just the same height.

Poland in the fourteenth century had a pigmy king, Ladislas the Short, who is said to have won more victories than any other monarch of his time, and who left a great name as a jurist, statesman and ruler.

Christian II., of Denmark, had a wee dwarf to attend him, who was faithful to his master even in adversity. He went to prison with the king, planned, and almost effected the royal escape.

### Dogs as Messengers.

The experiment of training dogs to carry messages and to act as sentinels in the army has been made in Germany, and, it is said, with very encouraging results. The dogs have now been in training for some time, and have made really wonderful progress.

The kind found to be most suitable for this work is the shepherd's dog. The plan adopted is to accustom each dog to regard one of the soldiers as his master, the conduct of his training being in this man's hands.

When on duty the animals are kept with the sentinels. As an illustration of their intelligence, it is related that on one occasion a soldier, taking a dog from the sentinel, went off to reconnoitre.

After making his observations, he wrote two reports, giving one to a man mounted on a fast horse, and placing the other in a casket tied to the dog's neck. The dog reached the sentinel first.

When it is considered how much smaller an object a dog is than a man for an enemy's fire, and how close to the ground he can run, it seems not unlikely that dogs may yet become of great service in military operations.



NOTICE.—Questions on subjects of general interest only are dealt with in this department. AS THE ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY goes to press two weeks in advance of date of publication, answers cannot appear for at least two or three weeks. Communications intended for this column should be addressed ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 1075, New York city.

D. E. A., Albany, N. Y.—1. You should have explained a little more fully what the paragraph stated. 2. "Volt" is the unit of electromotive force and tension; "ampere" is the unit of current, which is the current produced by one volt through one ohm (the unit of resistance). The term "ampere" came from Andre Ampere, founder of the science of electro-dynamics. What is known as "Ampere's theory" is that magnetism consists in the existence of electric currents circulating round the particles of magnetic bodies, being in different directions round different particles when the bodies are unmagnetized, but all in the same direction when they are magnetized.

W. T. B., New Haven, Conn.—The isolated mountain in Switzerland referred to, Rigi or Righi, is in the canton Schwytz, between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne. The highest point, the Rigi Kulm, is 5,902 feet above the sea, or about 4,500 feet above the lake of Lucerne. The summit is accessible by roads from various points at the base. It is stated that about 40,000 visitors are attracted annually to the mountain, on which are numerous hotels and sanitaria. The railway to the Rigi Kulm was completed in 1873. It starts from Vitznau, on Lake Lucerne, on the south side of the mountain.

S. R., Scranton, Pa.—Camphor is the gum of several kinds of laurel or bay trees found chiefly in Japan, Formosa, Sumatra and Borneo. The tree is cut up into small pieces and heated with a little water in large kettles, which are fitted with round covers filled with straw. The steam rises and wets the straw, and when it cools the camphor is left in the straw in small grains. The camphor of commerce is very impure, and has to be refined before it is fit for use. There is no substance which, added to camphor, will destroy its odor and at the same time have no effect on its composition.

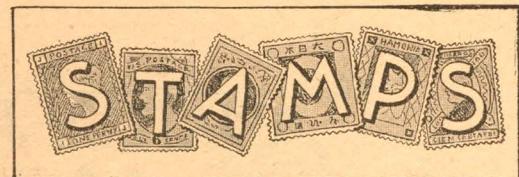
D. S. Q., Cleveland, Ohio.—Yes, there are other great falls in the world besides Niagara. The River Rhine takes a plunge of about 50 feet at Schaffhausen. In Sweden the Gotha-Elf falls 100 feet at Trollhata; the Hjommel Sayka or Hare's Leap of the Lulea is 250 feet high; and the Riuken Fos or "Smoking Force" at Mjosvand is no less than 800. The famous Staubbach, in the neighborhood of Lauterbrunnen, has a descent of 980 feet; but it is stated to be a mere brook, and in summer almost dries up. It takes its name from the dust-like appearance of the spray into which the water changes in its descent.

F. N. K., Port Chester, N. Y.—1. The seal swims mostly by the aid of the hinder limbs, which are worked like sculls, the front ones being used only to turn about with. On land it moves very awkwardly, making short jerky leaps, and dragging the hinder limbs along. 2. The fur of the seal in its natural state is yellow, spotted, and marked with brown, and unfit for use until dyed.

K. N., Buffalo, N. Y.—To extract rust from steel, the best plan is to immerse the weapon to be cleaned for a few minutes in a strong solution of cyanide of potassium until all dirt and rust is taken off. Then clean with a small brush with some paste composed of cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whitening, and water. These last are mixed in a paste about the consistency of thick cream.

A Reader, Philadelphia, Pa.—We may shortly have a story on the subject you mention.

"Athlete," Anderson, Ind.—"Jimmie" Michael was born in Wales.



(SPECIAL NOTICE.—To insure the safe return of stamps sent to us for examination, correspondents should inclose them in a separate stamped envelope bearing name and address. The prices quoted are from current lists and are subject to change.)

For the collector who wants entire sheets of stamps with full imprint and plate number Hungary is a very poor country to specialize in. In this country there are no entire sheets to be had for love nor money, as two persons are employed during the whole year to do nothing else but tear the outer edges from the sheets of stamps, and only in this condition are the stamps sold, and even special endeavors have not succeeded in getting sheets of the present issue before the margins have been torn off.

Porto Rico has issued two curious labels, which, although of different colors are printed upon the same piece of paper. Each is 45x40 mm., in full size or perforated, but there is a frame of fine dotted lines a little smaller. In the centre is an impression of the current adhesive, very badly printed, at the top the word "Centenario," at bottom "Sitio de los Ingleses" (Siege by the English), at left "1797," at right "1897." Both labels are of the same value, 3c. de peso, and are printed in carmine and in deep blue upon white laid paper.

The franks used by the government departments are not classed as postage stamps by philatelists for the reason that they do not represent postage paid or to be collected, or any of the supplementary postal charges, such as registration, insurance, return receipt, "too late" fees, etc. No label or printed cover which does not indicate the prepayment of some postal fee, or show that same is to be collected from the recipient, can be called a postage stamp.

Many of the local stamp societies hold small auctions after their business meetings. The first one for this season was held by the National Philatelic Society on the evening of October 12. There were about fifty lots of U. S. and foreign stamps sold.

Many United States stamped envelopes in Confederate hands when the war broke out were converted into official franks for the various departments of the Confederate government by means of a surcharge across the face of the stamp.

The Japanese stamp issued prior to 1876 were printed from separately engraved plates, as was the case with early issues of Nevis, Philippine Islands, New South Wales, etc. Hence all the stamps on the sheet were different.

The early Liberia stamps ordinarily have three lines around the design; those catalogued as "with outer line" have a fourth line at some distance from the others, as in the series of 1880.

The local stamps of the Metropolitan Errand Carrier Company have been reprinted in dark brownish red, and also in blue, while the originals are in light brownish red only.

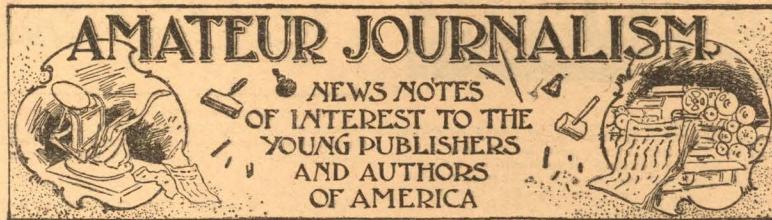
A new 1 pound stamp, for postal and revenue use, has been issued in Tasmania. It is of the current design and printed in green and yellow.

A counterfeit of the rare British Columbia one dollar stamp has been made in Germany, on which the value was spelled "One Doller."

Constant Reader.—The U. S. cent of 1803 is worth 3 cents. There is no premium on the 1849 cent. Many stamp dealers buy old coins.

W. F. D., Catskill, N. Y.—The U. S. cent of 1802 is worth 3 cents. There is no premium on the cent of 1812.

J. B. S., Wheeling, W. Va.—There is no premium on the cents of 1838 or 1854.



## A SHORT STORY CONTEST.

To encourage amateur writers in the United States, Army and Navy offers a monthly prize of five dollars in gold for the best short story written and submitted by an amateur author. By "amateur authors" is meant those who are identified with the amateur press of the United States in a general sense, and who are not regular contributors to professional publications. Stories should not exceed one thousand words in length, and can be on any subject. Manuscript for the first contest must reach this office on or before December 13, 1897. Address all communications, "Short Story Contest" Army and Navy, Street & Smith, publishers, No. 238 William street, New York City.

### The National Amateur Press Association.

The National Amateur Press Association of America (known as the N. A. P. A., or the Napa.) was organized in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. Any amateur editor or author residing in the United States or Canada is eligible to membership. The officers are a president, two vice-presidents, a recording and foreign secretary, a general secretary, a treasurer, and historian, three directors, a librarian to have charge of the permanent library, and a recruit committee and chairman, the committee consisting of one resident manager in every state. The president and the convention seat are usually the subject of a sharp political contest. For several months before convention the papers discuss the merits of the various candidates, but the best of feeling generally prevails. Members unable to attend the convention mail proxy votes for their choice for the various offices. The ballots are not opened by the custodian until election, when they are added to those in convention. Thus, absent members exert a powerful influence. Victor and vanquished with their partizans sit down to the annual banquet as friends and comrades, with their faculty for enjoyment not lessened by the exciting conflict.

The official board for 1897-8 is as follows: President, David L. Hollub, 1717 Leavenworth street, San Francisco, Cal.; first vice-president, Horace Freeman, 7 Central avenue, Newark, N. J.; second vice-president, Herbert Hauser, 1423 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal.; recording secretary, Edith M. Kreiner, 41 Dwight street, Jersey City, N. J.; corresponding secretary, Linden D. Dey, 744 West Fourteenth place, Chicago, Ill.; treasurer, Charles A. Bow, 100 East Twelfth street, Portland ave.; editor, Walter C. Chiles, 171 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.; historian, Stella T. Wayne, Ocean Springs, Miss.; directors, James F. Morton, Jr., 1 Lynde street place, Boston, Mass.; Edd. M. Lind, 377 East Eleventh street, East Oakland, Cal.

The official organ is "The National Amateur," and is sent free to members. This magazine is published monthly, and contains the best amateur literature, reports of progress in America and foreign countries, and departments devoted to criticism, instruction, books, clubs, alumni and the success of amateurs in the professional field. The association holds a three days' convention in July of each year, alternately east and west of the Mississippi river. They are looked forward to with great eagerness, as furnishing the opportunity to renew old friendships and form new ones. Many amateurs travel thousands of miles to attend a convention and feel well repaid.

An excellent plan adopted by Napa where to stimulate literary activity of the highest order is the annual award of titles, known as laureateships, to the authors whose writings show the greatest merit. All articles entered in competition are classified and sent to the judge of the department. These judges are professional writers, whose criticisms are of real value. The winner in each

department is presented with a certificate and allowed to sign the title Poet, Serial, Story, Sketch, Essay or Historian Laureateship during the year. A like award is given to the editor of the best paper and the member publishing the best book. A certificate of honorable mention is given for the second best entry in each department.

There is no initiation fee, and the dues are one dollar a year. Its emblem, worn by members in pin or button, is a scroll crossed by a quill, with the letters N. A. P. A.

(Extracts from the "N. A. P. A." recruit circular.)

Amateur journalism is a school of unparalleled value to the young and timid writer. A little training frequently produces remarkable improvement in literary style and expressing thought. There is no better discipline than seeing your writing in print, and reading the comments and criticisms of your brethren. By degrees, crudities are pruned, faults of expression eradicated, a larger and better vocabulary developed, and the talent shines forth. The world needs trained writers, who have something to say, and know how to say it.

Amateur Journalism is a voluntary institution. No member, unless in official position, consults any other law than his own will; but only those who are thoroughly active receive the greatest benefits. Activity consists in the publication, monthly, bi-monthly, or at less frequent intervals, of a paper or magazine, usually 7 by 10 inches in size. It contains whatever the editor wishes to insert. Manuscript of all kinds is furnished free on application to the national bureaus. His editorials touch on amateur affairs and other subjects of interest. Any person may issue such a paper. The editor may do the printing, otherwise the cost is from five dollars up. This expense may be met by soliciting advertisements or having one or more associate editors. In addition to the subscribers he obtains, the editor sends his paper to the members of the national association. He will thus receive their papers free. The editor does not pay postage on every paper he mails; he enters his paper as second-class matter, obtaining application blanks from any postoffice, and mails them for one cent a pound. Those who cannot, or prefer not to, issue papers, write poems, essays, serials, short sketches, essays, criticisms, histories of amateur gatherings and biographies, according to their preference, and send the manuscript to the national bureaus for distribution among the editors. The standing of an active author is just as high as an active editor.

To become an amateur journalist you merely start a paper or write an article. Recruits are always welcome. Full information just how to begin, how to become a member of the national association or press club, copies of the constitution and amateur papers will cheerfully be given by any of the officers.



## OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.



### How He Got Rich.

Amateur Sailor (resting during a cruise)—“This is a pretty place. I hate to leave it.”

Waterman—“Weather’s purty bad.”

“Oh, I don’t mind the weather.”

“It’s blowin’ a half gale an’ goin’ to blow wuss—reg’lar green souther.”

“Blow high, blow low, it’s all the same to me. I can sail my jaunty craft in any wind. They tell me up in the village that you have made an independent fortune.”

“I’m purty well fixed.”

“Oysterin’ and fishing must be profitable occupations.”

“No money in ‘em.”

“Eh? Then how in creation did you make so much?”

“Just rewards an’ presents an’ things.”

“Rewards? Presents? What for?”

“Pullin’ amateur sailors out o’ th’ water.”

### A Useful Accomplishment.

Father—“Johnny, there’s a button off your coat. Go upstairs and sew it on.”

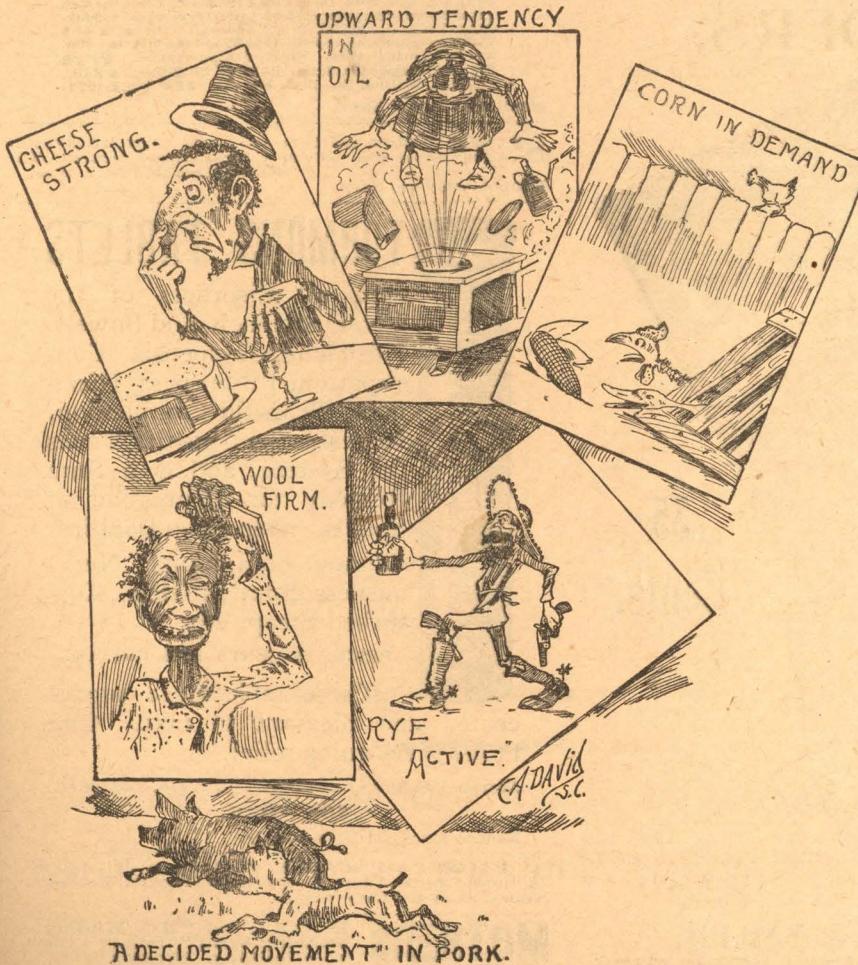
Little Johnny (in surprise)—“Mother will sew it on.”

Father—“I know she will, but I want you to learn to sew on buttons yourself.”

Johnny (amazed)—“Why?”

Father (solemnly)—“Some day, Johnny, when you grow up you won’t have any mother—nothing but a wife.”

### TERMS ON ‘CHANGE.



### Over a Back Fence.

Neighbor Woman—“Your dog was chasin’ our chickens this mornin’, an’ I jest want you to understand that’s got to stop right now.”

Mrs. Mild—“I did not see the dog out of our yard.”

Neighbor Woman—“He wasn’t. The chickens was in your yard.”

### He Had a Piece.

Mother—“What in the world has become of the other half of that cake I cut for supper?”

Little Dick—“You gave it to me.”

“Nonsense! You asked if you could have a piece of cake and I said yes.”

“Yes’m. I meant the piece that was left over.”

### A Little Brute.

Near-Sighted Lady—“The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog’s tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute.”

Maid—“It’s your boy, mum.”

“My boy?”

“Yes, mum.”

“Tell him if he’ll stop I’ll give him some cake.”

## A Sad Mistake

Fruit Vendor—"I feels bada."

Faithful Wife—"Why you feels bada?"

Fruit Vendor—"One of the peaches I sella thata man was gooda."

## Equal to It.

Max O'Rell tells of a boy who, when translating at sight in class, came across the phrase "Calmezvous, monsieur."

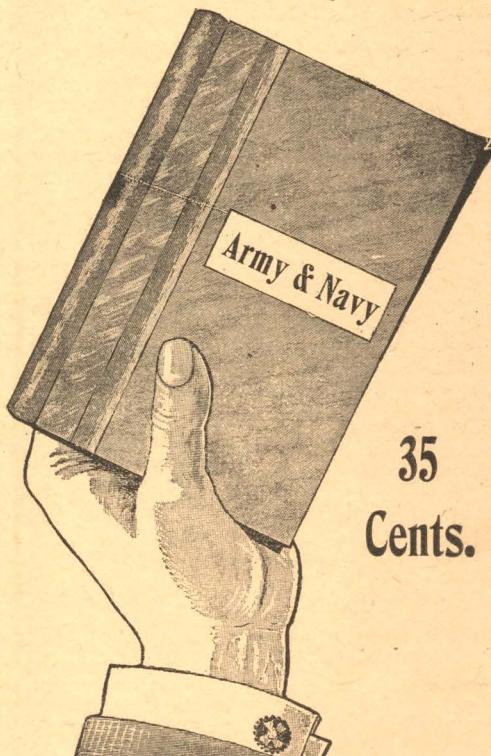
He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir. "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff?" said Max O'Rell. "Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial? For instance, what would you say yourself in a like case?"

The boy reflected a few seconds and said: "Keep your hair on, old man."

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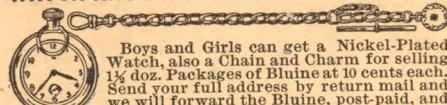
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